

Praise Hymns

and

Full Salvation Songs

Compiled by

Rev. Jonas Trumbauer.

Musical Editor

Ino. A

vise

I *See also: 1.*

St.

Price, 10 cents per cop.

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WITHDRAWN

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5291

Benson

AND

FULL SALVATION SONGS.

The Ark Floateth By.

Chorus by J. R. S.

Jno. R. SWENEY.

1. Behold the ark of God, Behold the o - pen door, Hast-
 2. There safe shalt thou a - bide; There sweet shall be thy rest; And
 3. And when the waves of wrath A - gain the earth shall fill, Thine

en to gain that blest a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.
 ev - 'ry wish be sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.
 ark shall ride the sea of fire, And rest on Zi - on's hill.

CHORUS.

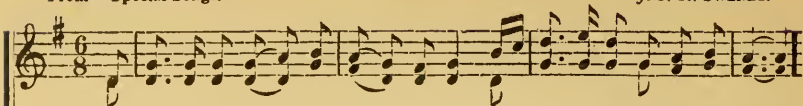
Oh, come, come to-day, do not longer delay, The ark, precious bark, floateth by;
 by, floateth by;

The waves as they roll shall not cover thy soul, For Jesus thy Saviour is nigh.
 thy Saviour is nigh.

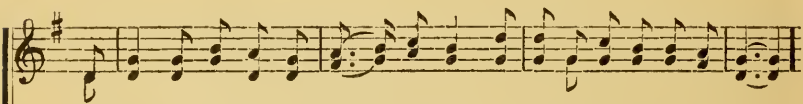
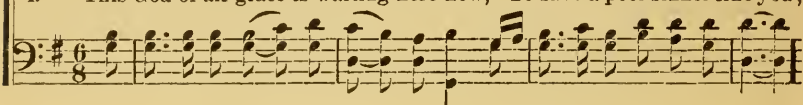
I've Heard of a Saviour.

From "Special Songs."

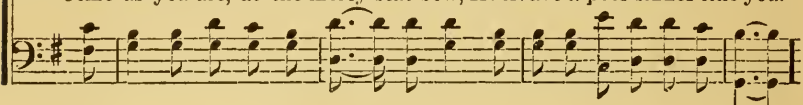
JNO. R. SWENEY.



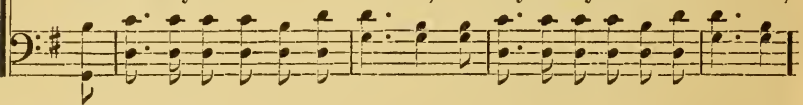
1. I've heard of a Saviour whose love was so strong, He loved a poor sinner like me ;
2. This wonderful Saviour took such a low place, To save a poor sinner like me ;
3. This Jesus had nowhere to lay his head, 'To save a poor sinner like me ;
4. This God of all grace is waiting here now, To save a poor sinner like you ;



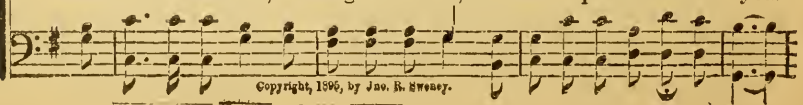
He turned his back on the glo-ri-fied throng, To save a poor sinner like me.
His heart overflowing with wondrous grace, To save a poor sinner like me.
He was a Lamb to the slaugh-ter led, To save a poor sinner like me.
Come as you are, at the mercy-seat bow, He'll save a poor sinner like you.



The angels they sang him from glo-ry, I'm glad that they told me the story ;
Was born in a sta-ble and man-ger, In his own world was a stranger,
'Midst darkness my Saviour is dy-ing, "Tis finished !" I hear Jesus crying,
Your life may be all re-bel-lion, Still you may have this salvation ;



He came from on high to suf-fer and die, To save a poor sinner like me.
With all things did part to win my hard heart, And save a poor sinner like me.
My soul may go free, he died on the tree, To save a poor sinner like me.
Back-slid-er as well, I'm so glad to tell, He'll save a poor sinner like you.

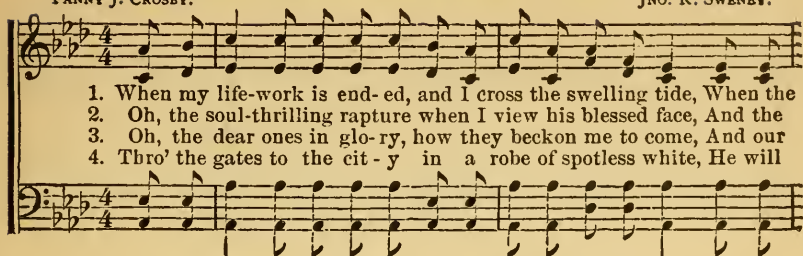


My Saviour First of All.

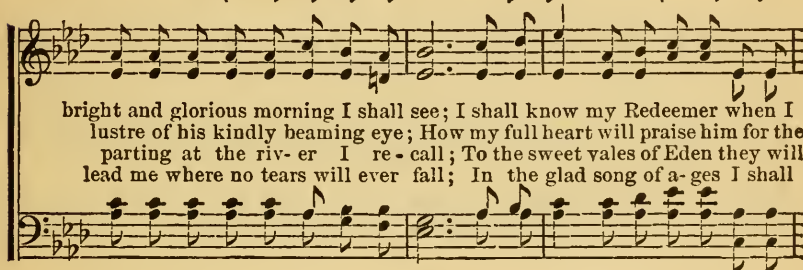
7

FANNY J. CROSBY.

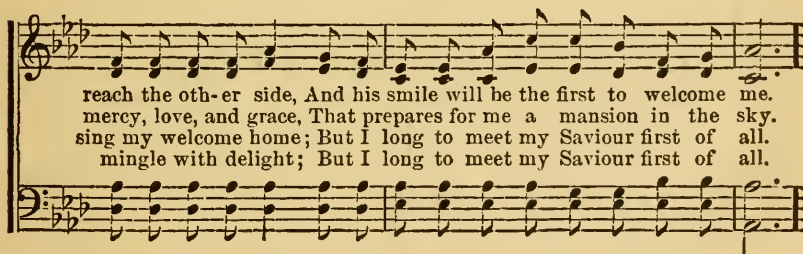
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view his blessed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spotless white, He will

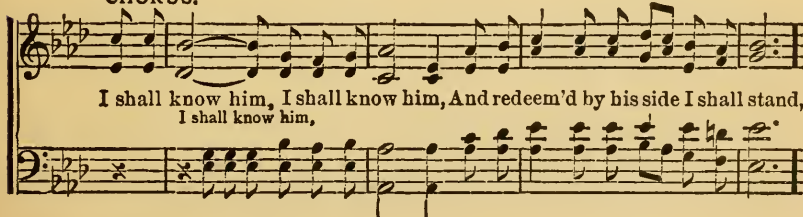


bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
 lustre of his kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the
 parting at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of Eden they will
 lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall

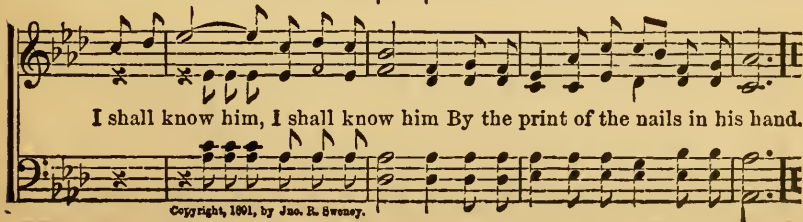


reach the oth-er side, And his smile will be the first to welcome me.
 mercy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.
 sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
 mingle with delight; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

CHORUS.



I shall know him, I shall know him, And redeem'd by his side I shall stand,
 I shall know him,

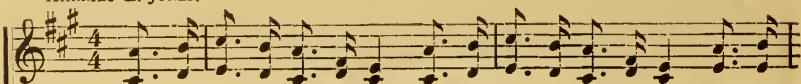


I shall know him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hand.

Journey in the King's Highway.

HARRIET E. JONES.

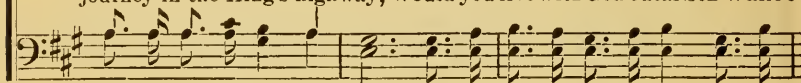
ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Would you go re-joicing on In the light of God's dear Son? Come and
2. Would you tread among the flow'rs, Would you rest in sylvan bow'rs? Come and
3. Would you gain a home on high In the gold-en by and by? Come and



journey in the King's highway; Would you ev'ry moment prove All the
 journey in the King's highway; Would you drink from living rills Flowing
 journey in the King's highway; Would you live with God's dear Son While e-



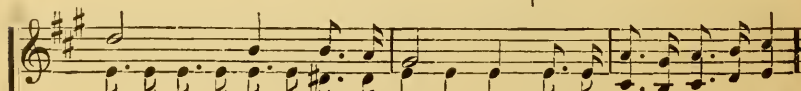
sweetness of his love? Come and journey in the King's highway.
 from the E-den hills? Come and journey in the King's highway.
 ter-nal years roll on? Come and journey in the King's highway.



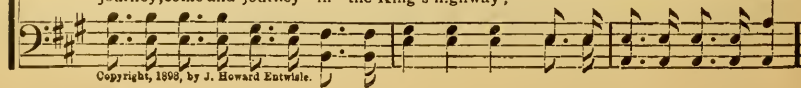
CHORUS.



Come and jour - - ney, come and jour - ney, Come and
 Come and jour-ney, come and jour - ney in the King's high-way, Come and

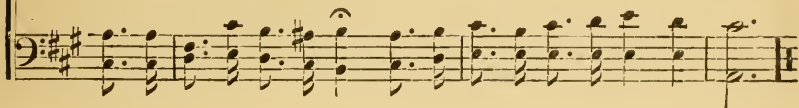


jour - - ney, come and jour - ney; Come this moment and be glad,
 journey, come and journey in the King's highway;





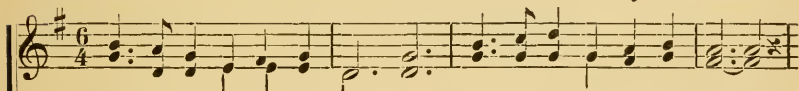
Come, in shining robes be clad, And go singing in the King's highway.



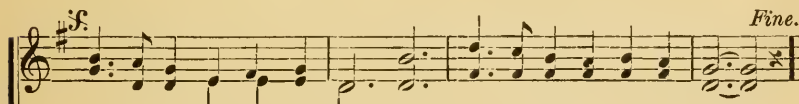
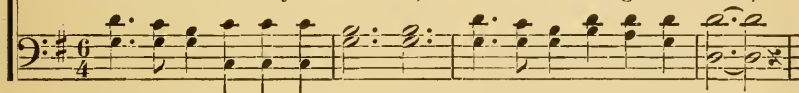
Into His Marvellous Light.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



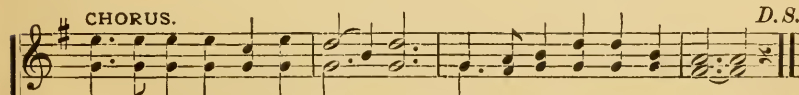
1. Won-derful mercy that sought us, Wand'ring a-far in the night;
2. Singing love's beauti-ful sto-ry, Ech-o the heav'nly re-frain;
3. Out from the sin and its sor-row, In-to the life pure and free;
4. Soon shall we meet by the riv-er, There in sweet songs we'll unite;



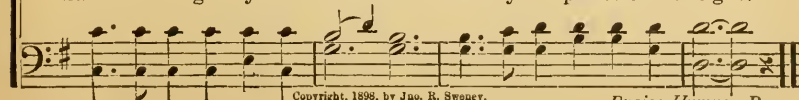
Precious the Saviour who brought us In-to his marvellous light.
 Blessing and hon-or and glo-ry Be to the Lamb that was slain.
 Waiting the glo-ri-ous mor-row, When our Redeemer we'll see.
 Je-sus will bring us for-ev-er In-to his marvellous light.



D.S.—Bro't from the kingdom of dark-ness In-to his marvellous light.



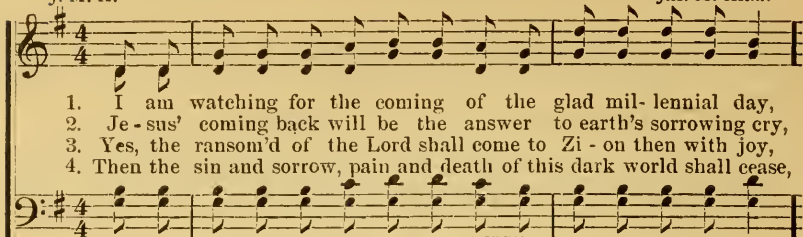
Saved to the glo-ry of Je-sus! Saved by the power of his might!



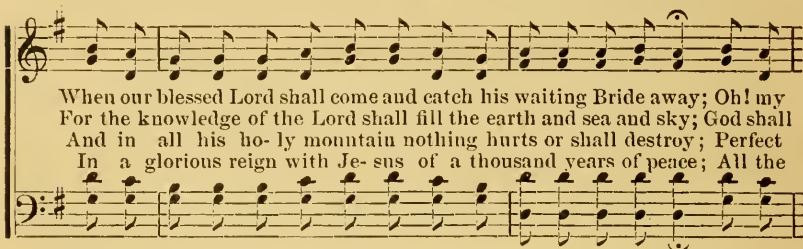
10 Our Lord's Return to Earth Again. -

J. M. K.

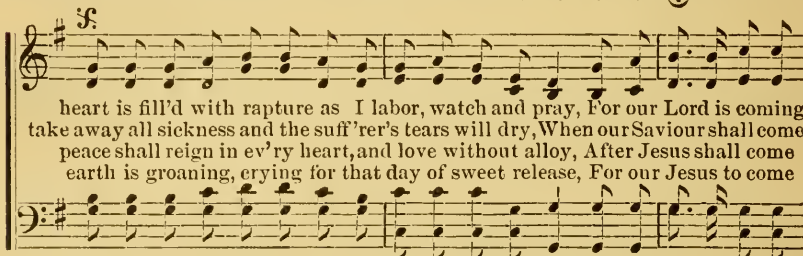
JAS. M. KIRK.



1. I am watching for the coming of the glad mil-lennial day,
2. Je-sus' coming back will be the answer to earth's sorrowing cry,
3. Yes, the ransom'd of the Lord shall come to Zi-on then with joy,
4. Then the sin and sorrow, pain and death of this dark world shall cease,



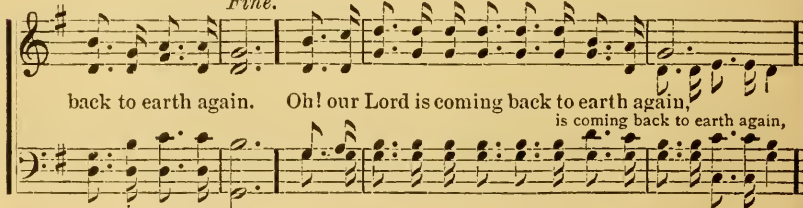
When our blessed Lord shall come and catch his waiting Bride away; Oh! my
 For the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth and sea and sky; God shall
 And in all his ho-ly mountain nothing hurts or shall destroy; Perfect
 In a glorious reign with Je-sus of a thousand years of peace; All the



heart is fill'd with rapture as I labor, watch and pray, For our Lord is coming
 take away all sickness and the suff'rer's tears will dry, When our Saviour shall come
 peace shall reign in ev'ry heart, and love without alloy, After Jesus shall come
 earth is groaning, crying for that day of sweet release, For our Jesus to come

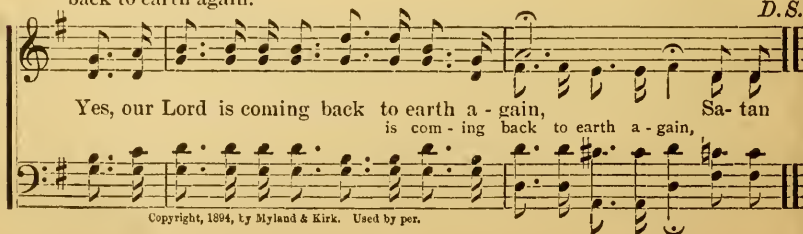
D.S. will be bound a thousand years, we'll have no tempter then, After Jesus shall come

Fine. CHORUS.



back to earth again. Oh! our Lord is coming back to earth again,
 is coming back to earth again,

back to earth again.



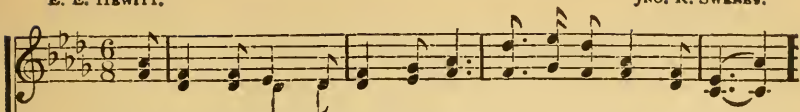
Yes, our Lord is coming back to earth a - gain, Sa-tan
 is com-ing back to earth a - gain,

Jesus is Passing By.

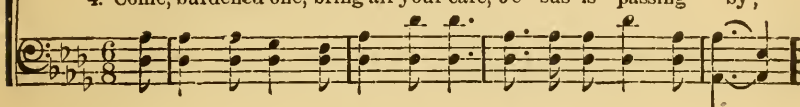
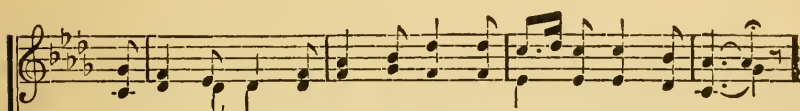
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E. E. HEWITT.

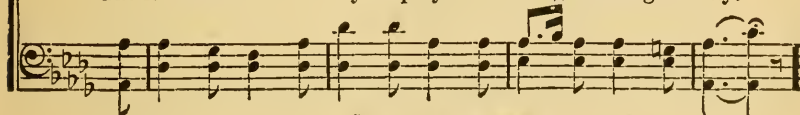
JNO. R. SWENEY.



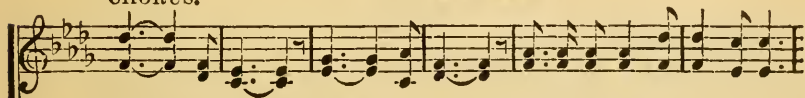
1. Come, contrite one, and seek his grace, Je - sus is passing by;
 2. Come, hungry one, and tell your need, Je - sus is passing by;
 3. Come, wea - ry one, and find sweet rest, Je - sus is passing by;
 4. Come, burdened one, bring all your care, Je - sus is passing by;

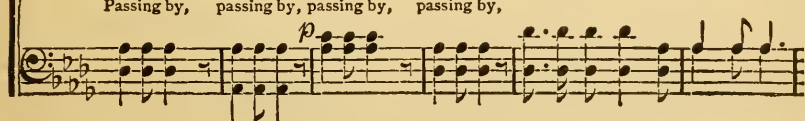
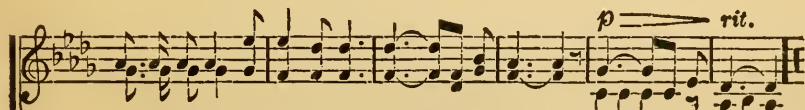
See in his rec - on - cil - ed face The sunshine of the sky.
 The Bread of Life your soul will feed, And ful - ly sat - is - fy.
 Come where the longing heart is blessed, And on his bos - om lie.
 The love that list - ens to your prayer Will "no good thing" de - ny.



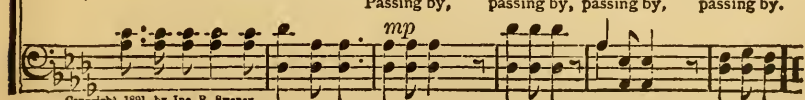
CHORUS.



Pass - ing by, . . pass - ing by, . . Hasten to meet him on the way,
 Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by,

Jesus is passing by to-day, Pass - ing by, . . pass - ing by.
 Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by.



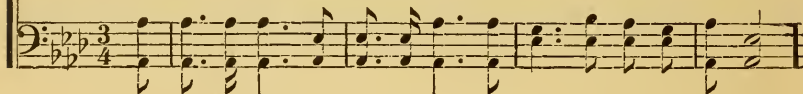
The Set the Joy-Bells Ringing.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



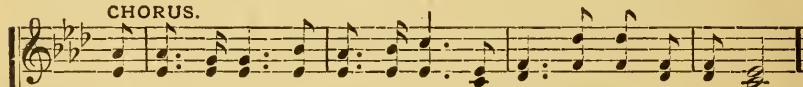
1. Oh, bless the Lord, he cleansed my soul, And filled my lips with singing;
2. He placed my feet up - on the Rock, The on - ly sure foundation;
3. His promise is for "all the days," His love for me is car - ing;
4. Then let me tell the hap - py news To oth - er souls around me;
5. His love is call - ing, seeking still, Come, ev - 'ry burden bringing;



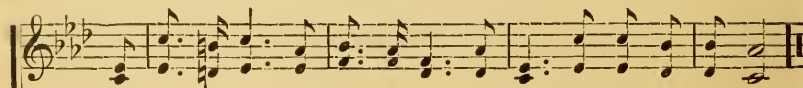
He came in my poor, sin - ful heart, And set the joy-bells ringing.
 He shows me wonders of his grace, The blessings of sal - va - tion.
 While in the "Father's House" above, A mansion he's pre - par - ing.
 I'm safe within the blessed fold, For Je - sus came and found me.
 The touch of Christ within your heart Will set the joy-bells ringing.



CHORUS.



Oh, praise the Lord, he first loved me, I feel new life up - springing;



He came in my poor, sin - ful heart, And set the joy-bells ringing.



The Cross is not Greater.

B. B.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

Gen. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

[illegible]

- | | |
|--|-----------------------------------|
| 1. The cross that he gave may be heavy, | But it ne'er outweighs his grace, |
| 2. The thorns in my path are not sharper, | Than composed his crown for me, |
| 3. The light of his love shineth brighter, | As it falls on paths of woe, |
| 4. His will I have joy in ful- filling, | As I'm walking in his sight, |

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes his face.
The cup that I drink not more bitter Than he drank in Gethsema - ne.
The toil of my work groweth lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bringing, It a - lone can keep me right.

Musical notation for the bass line of 'The Rose Tree'. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 7/8. The notation consists of a single staff with a bass clef. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with eighth and quarter notes. The piece ends with a repeat sign and a final 7/8 time signature.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

The cross is not greater than his grace, The storm cannot

[illegible]

hide his bless - ed face ; I am sat - is - fied to know

[illegible]

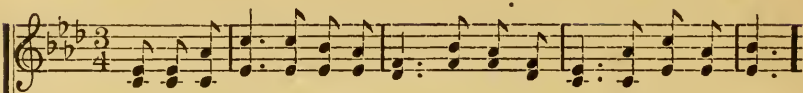
That with Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.

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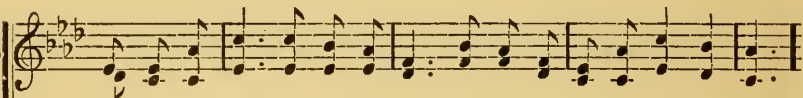
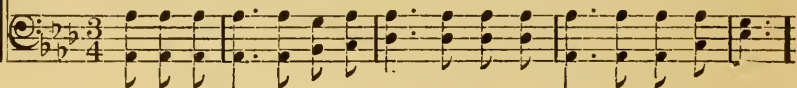
Higher Ground.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

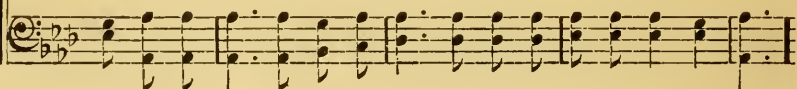
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
3. I want to live above the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurl'd;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



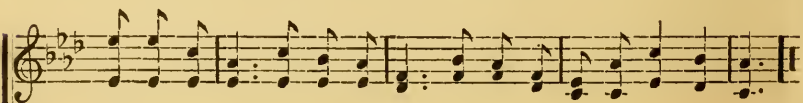
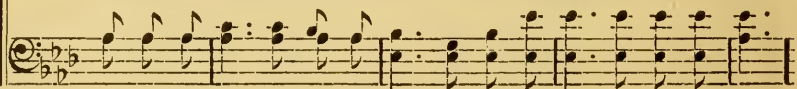
Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
 Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is higher ground.
 For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
 But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."



CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heaven's ta-ble-land;



A higher plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

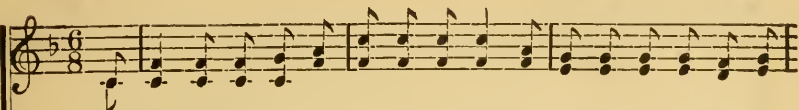


The Jericho Service.

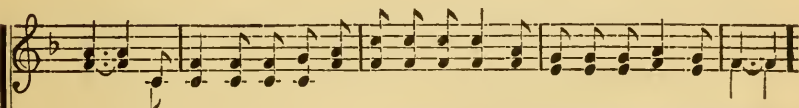
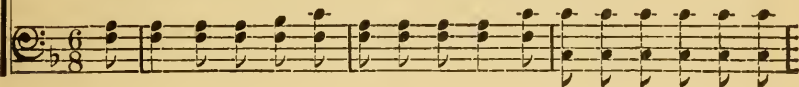
15

F. M. D.

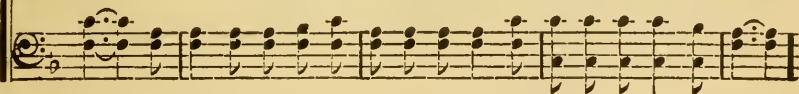
FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.



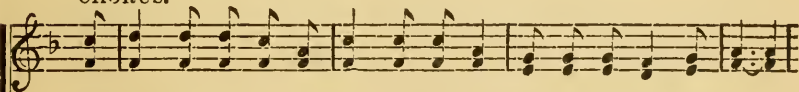
1. The Great Physician on Jer-icho's road Is holding a service to-
2. The Great Physician in mercy will heal All those who believing will
3. The Great Physician is passing this way, Oh, why will you linger and



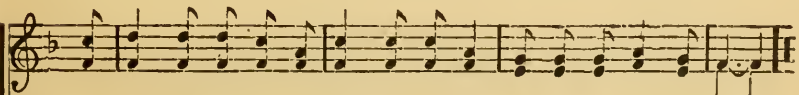
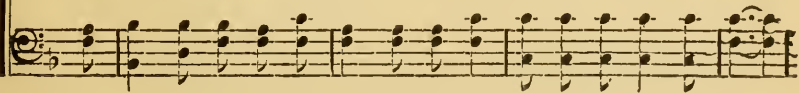
day, And multitudes of the poor and the blind Are crowding the great highway.
go; Their sins tho' red and like scarlet may be, Yet they shall be white as snow.
wait? Be healed to-day, join the sanctified throng, Ere it shall be said, "too late."



CHORUS.



Are you, my brother, among the number Crowding the great highway?



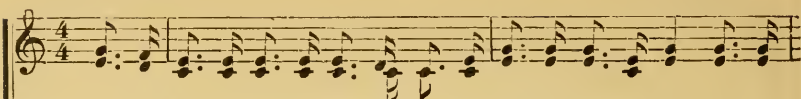
Are you, my brother, among the number There to be healed to-day?



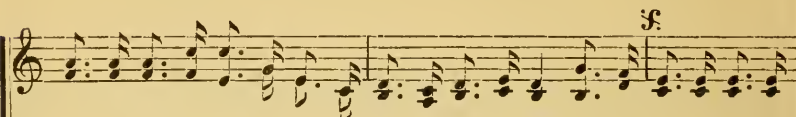
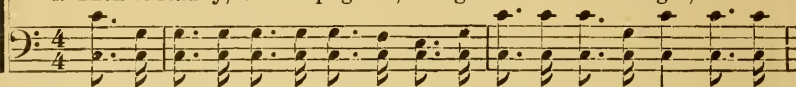
On the Hallelujah Line.

Rev. J. M. HOBBS.

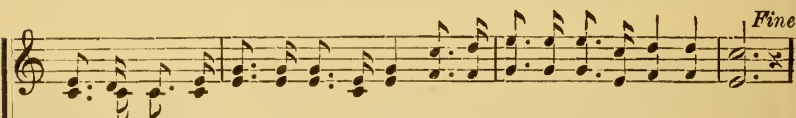
JNO. R. SWENBY.



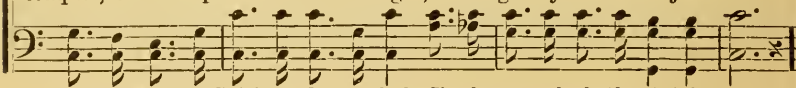
1. O the glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah Has been ringing thro' my soul, Ev-er
2. O the hal-le-lu-jah cho-rus Is a glorious one to sing, But the
3. I'm a hal-le-lu-jah pilgrim And I'll nev-er hold my peace Till my
4. Then be read-y, faithful pilgrims, To go forward in the fight, Take the



since I came to Je-sus, And his Spirit made me whole; All my spirit, soul and soul's true halle-lu-jah Is a-waken'd by our King; For the joy of his sal-blessed Saviour tells me, Then, then only will I cease To invite poor, hungry Spirit's blade of vict'ry, Wielding it with all your might; For with faith in God we

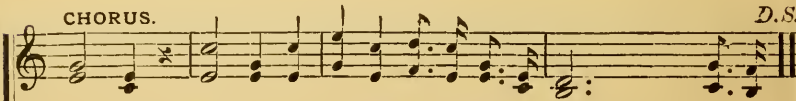
*D.S.—since I came to*

bod-y Now are un-der his control, On the glo-ry hal-le-lujah line.
vation Makes the heart with music ring, On the glo-ry hal-le-lujah line.
sinners, Come and share the gospel feast, On the glo-ry hal-le-lujah line.
conquer, And we'll praise him with delight, On the glo-ry hal-le-lujah line.

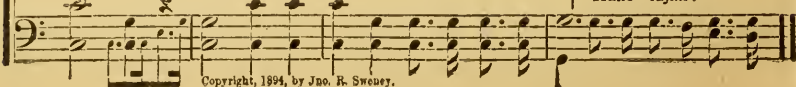


Je-sus, And his Spirit made me whole, I've been on the halle-lujah line.

CHORUS.



Glo-ry, glo-ry, O yes, 'tis glo-ry in my soul, Ev-er
Halle-lujah!



Tell them that You Saw Me in the Army. 17

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. When you stand among the faith-ful in the ar-my of the King,
 2. When the church of Christ is standing like a might-y bulwark strong,
 3. And in sea-sons of re-viv-al when sal-va-tion onward rolls,
 4. When your battles here are o-ver, and you charge the foe no more,

When you march beneath his ban-ner as you make his prais-es ring,
 When she dares to charge her for-ces in some fight against the wrong,
 Bring-ing joy to pardoned sin-ners, bringing peace to ransomed souls,
 When you ground your arms forev-er on the soul's e-ter-nal shore,

If you meet my old companions there, and they should ask for me, You may
 Then, if an-y one should ask you if I did my du-ty there, You may
 If perchance some one should ask you if I tried some soul to win, You may
 If my dear ones there should ask you if I'm on the homeward road, You may

D.S.—Yes, if an-y one should ask you if I've faithful been and true, You may

Fine. CHORUS.

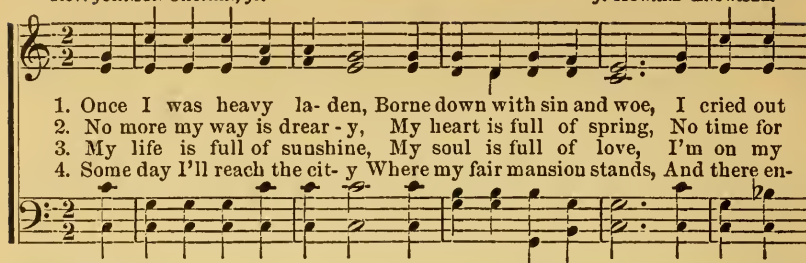
[the
 tell them that you saw me in the army. You may tell them that you saw me where
 tell them that you saw me in the army.

[blast;
 shot fell thick and fast, You may tell them that you saw me when I stood before the

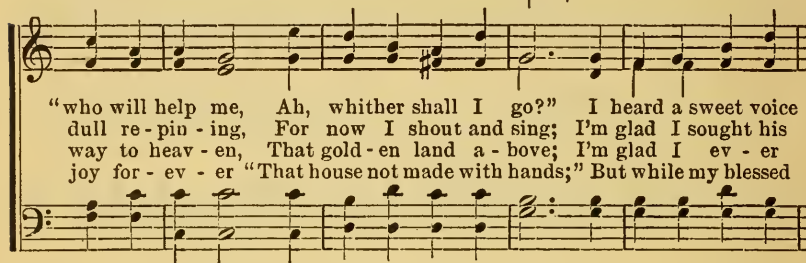
Happy All the Day.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

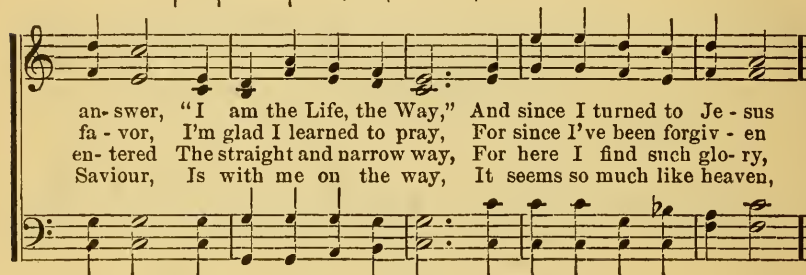
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Once I was heavy la-den, Borne down with sin and woe, I cried out
 2. No more my way is drear-y, My heart is full of spring, No time for
 3. My life is full of sunshine, My soul is full of love, I'm on my
 4. Some day I'll reach the cit-y Where my fair mansion stands, And there en-

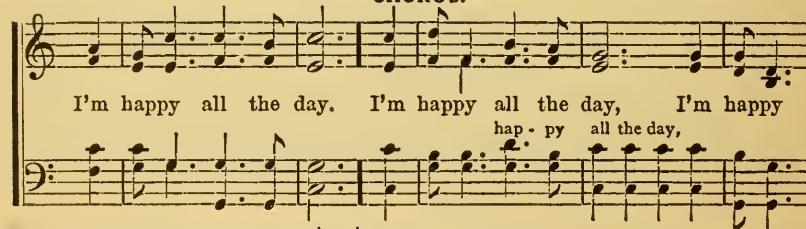


"who will help me, Ah, whither shall I go?" I heard a sweet voice
 dull re-pin-ing, For now I shout and sing; I'm glad I sought his
 way to heav-en, That gold-en land a-bove; I'm glad I ev-er
 joy for-ev-er "That house not made with hands;" But while my blessed

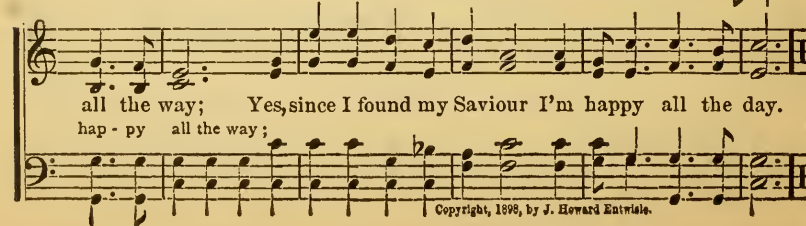


an-swer, "I am the Life, the Way," And since I turned to Je-sus
 fa-vor, I'm glad I learned to pray, For since I've been forgiv-en
 en-tered The straight and narrow way, For here I find such glo-ry,
 Saviour, Is with me on the way, It seems so much like heaven,

CHORUS.



I'm happy all the day. I'm happy all the day, I'm happy
 hap-py all the day,



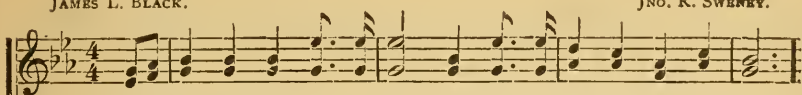
all the way; Yes, since I found my Saviour I'm happy all the day.
 hap-py all the way;

On the Victory Side.

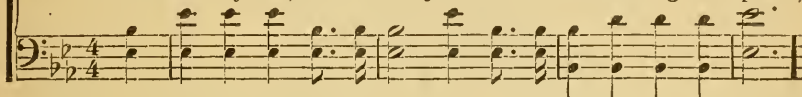
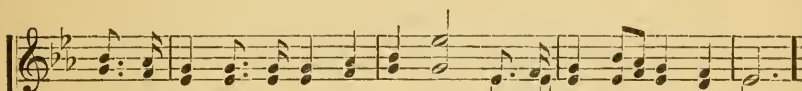
19

JAMES L. BLACK.

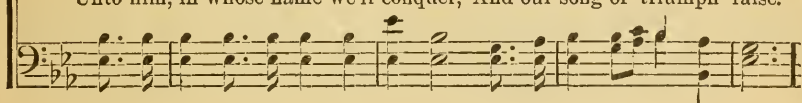
JNO. R. SWENEY.




1. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! And our faith enraptured sings,
 2. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! For the Lord himself comes near,
 3. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! For the tempter flies a - pace,
 4. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! And our hearts beat high with praise,

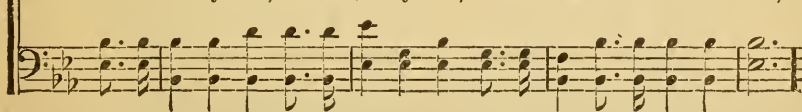
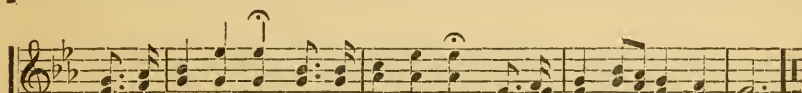
While we throw to the breeze the standard Of the mighty King of kings.
 And the shout of a roy - al ar - my On the bat - tle - field we hear.
 And the chains he has forged are breaking, Thro' the pow'r of redeeming grace.
 Unto him, in whose name we'll conquer, And our song of triumph raise.



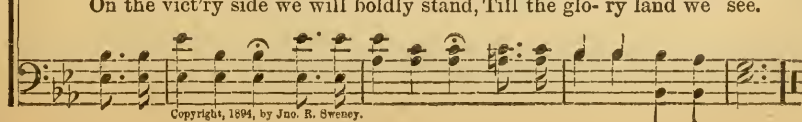
CHORUS.



On the vict'ry side, on the vict'ry side, In the ranks of the Lord are we;

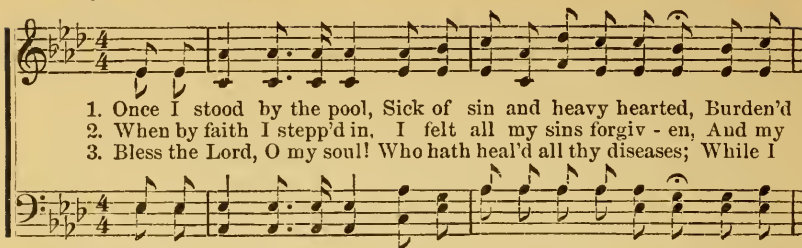
On the vict'ry side we will boldly stand, Till the glo - ry land we see.



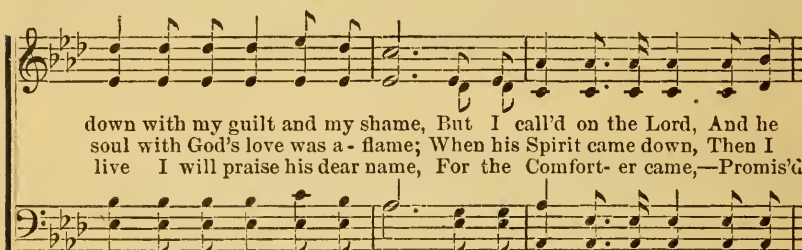
I was Down at the Pool.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

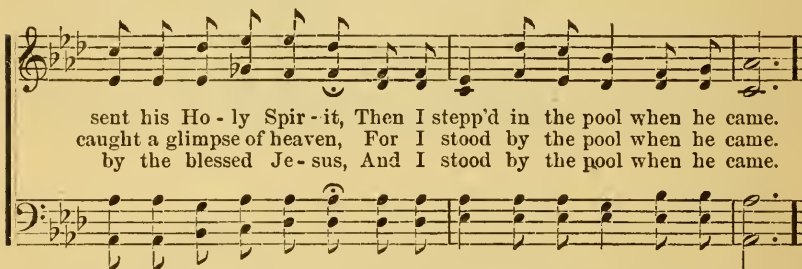
ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Once I stood by the pool, Sick of sin and heavy hearted, Burden'd
 2. When by faith I stepp'd in, I felt all my sins forgiv - en, And my
 3. Bless the Lord, O my soul! Who hath heal'd all thy diseases; While I

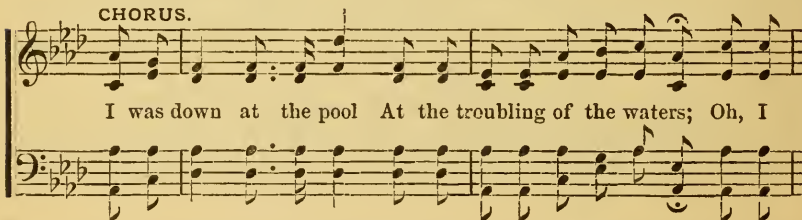


down with my guilt and my shame, But I call'd on the Lord, And he
 soul with God's love was a - flame; When his Spirit came down, Then I
 live I will praise his dear name, For the Comfort - er came,—Promis'd

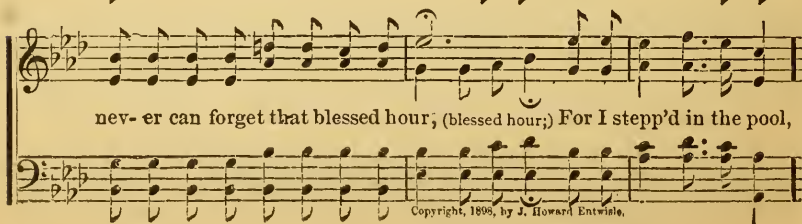


sent his Ho - ly Spir - it, Then I stepp'd in the pool when he came.
 caught a glimpse of heaven, For I stood by the pool when he came.
 by the blessed Je - sus, And I stood by the pool when he came.

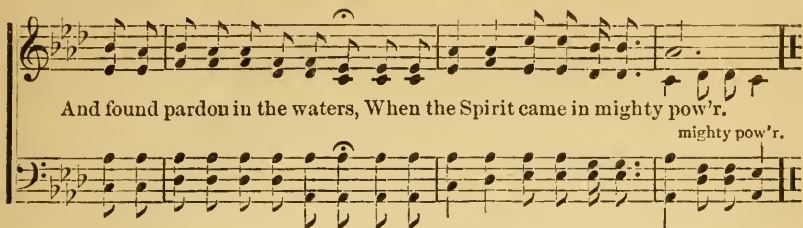
CHORUS.



I was down at the pool At the troubling of the waters; Oh, I



nev - er can forget that blessed hour; (blessed hour;) For I stepp'd in the pool,

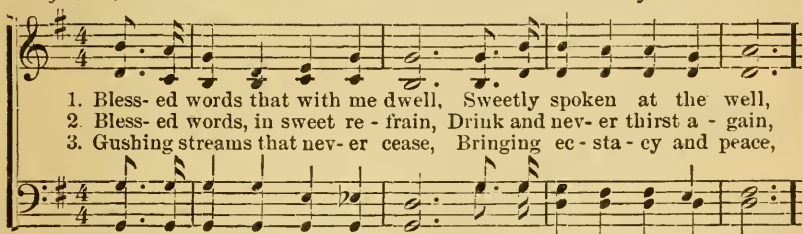


And found pardon in the waters, When the Spirit came in mighty pow'r.
mighty pow'r.

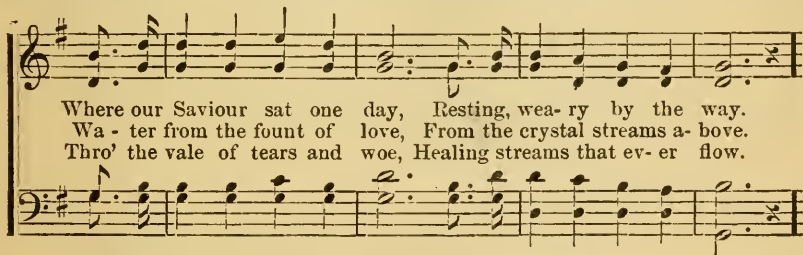
Living Water.

JESSE P. TOMPKINS.

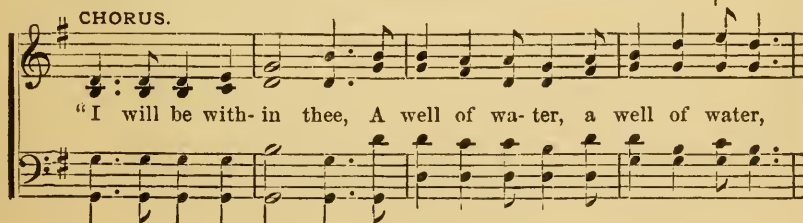
JNO. R. SWENEY.



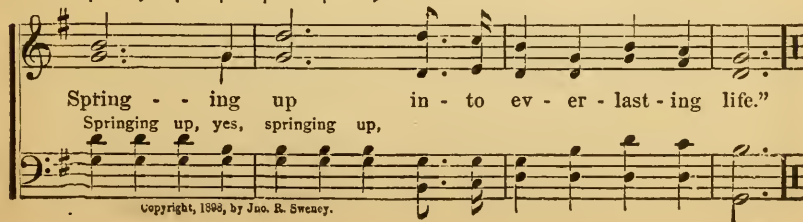
1. Bless-ed words that with me dwell, Sweetly spoken at the well,
2. Bless-ed words, in sweet re - frain, Drink and nev - er thirst a - gain,
3. Gushing streams that nev - er cease, Bringing ec - sta - cy and peace,



Where our Saviour sat one day, Resting, wea - ry by the way.
Wa - ter from the fount of love, From the crystal streams a - bove.
Thro' the vale of tears and woe, Healing streams that ev - er flow.



CHORUS.
"I will be with - in thee, A well of wa - ter, a well of water,



Spring - - ing up in - to ev - er - last - ing life."
Springing up, yes, springing up,

Jesus is All that You Need.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Come to the Saviour, believe in his name, Jesus is all that you need ;
2. Jesus has triumph'd o'er sin and the grave, Jesus is all that you need ;
3. Give your life o- ver to Je- sus' control, Jesus is all that you need ;

Je- sus is now and for- ev- er the same, Je- sus is all that you need.
He is a- bundant- ly a- ble to save, Je- sus is all that you need.
Je- sus will meet ev'ry want of the soul, Je- sus is all that you need.

Claim his sure promise, oh, fully believe. Ask for his blessing and you shall receive,
 Jesus will pardon if you will confess, Jesus will comfort in time of distress.
 Jesus is calling, oh, turn not away, Make him forever your life and your stay.

Fine.

Je- sus will help you the past to retrieve,
 He will be with you for- ev- er to bless,
 Will you belong to him wholly to- day?

Fine.

Je- sus is all that you need.
 Je- sus is all that you need.
 Je- sus is all that you need.

D. S.—why turn away from the Saviour to-day, When Jesus is all that you need?

CHORUS.

D.S.

Je-sus is all that you need, ... All that you ever can need; ... Oh,
you need, can need;

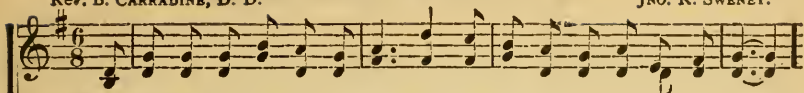
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Christ Within.

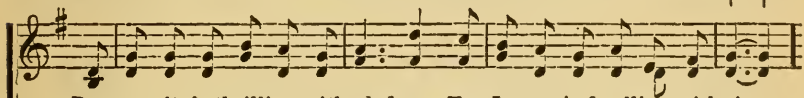
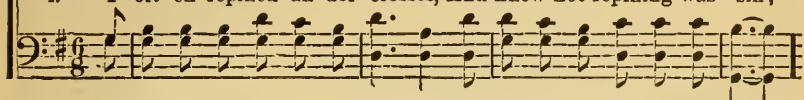
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Rev. B. CARRADINE, D. D.

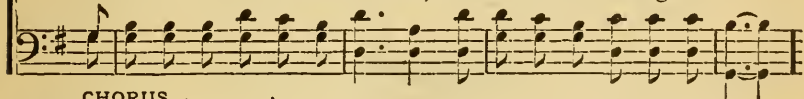
JNO. R. SWENEY.



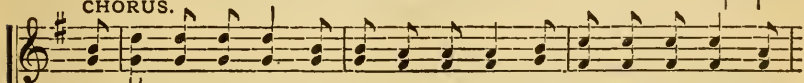
1. My heart was once heavy with sadness And struggling with burdens and sin,
2. Once Jesus would visit his dwelling, Then leave thro' my doubt or my sin;
3. The grave was once dark to my vision, A goal that I cared not to win;
4. I oft-en repined un-der crosses, And knew not repining was sin;



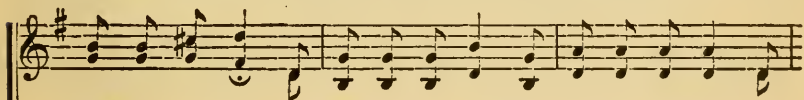
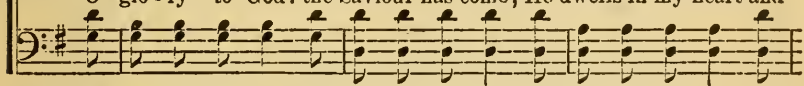
But now it is thrilling with gladness, For Je-sus is dwelling with-in.
But now I rejoice in the tell-ing, My Saviour a-bideth with-in.
A gate now to coun-tries e-ly-sian! Since Jesus is dwelling with-in.
I shout now o'er burdens and losses, For Je-sus is dwelling with-in.



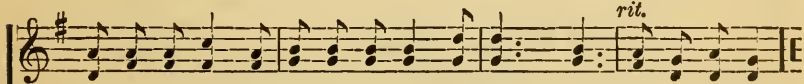
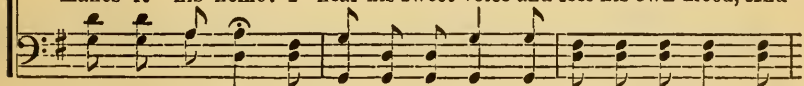
CHORUS.



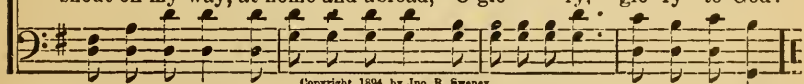
O glo-ry to God! the Saviour has come; He dwells in my heart and



makes it his home: I hear his sweet voice and feel his own blood, And



shout on my way, at home and abroad,—O glo-ry, glo-ry to God!



Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>5 Gone now is the sighing and sorrow, The cares and the fears of the day, I ask not what comes with the morrow, For Jesus is in me to stay.</p> | <p>6 Let Satan and man now assail me, Let death lay me low in the grave; The Victor within will not fail me, What more can I pray for, or have?</p> |
|--|---|

We are Almost Home.

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Just o - ver the ocean is our home on high, Where we all wil.
 2. Our house is all ready in the promised land, It was built and
 3. The road has been weary, and the way been long, But our hearts are
 4. Our dear ones are watching as we near the shore, How we long to

gath - er and rest by and by; We've a mansion far above the
 modeled by the Lord's own hand; He will lead us o - ver when this
 cheer - y with the Lord's own song; See, the lights are gleaming o'er the
 join them, to part never more; Thro' the golden cit - y with them

vaulted dome, We shall soon be o - ver, we are al - most home.
 life is o'er, Where beneath its portals we will rest ev - ermore.
 o - cean foam, And our joy is beaming, we are al - most home.
 we will roam, Don't you hear the singing? we are al - most home.

CHORUS.

We are al - most home, we are al - most home,
 almost home, almost home, we are al - most home,

Just a few more tri - als, just a few more tears, Just a few more

troubles, just a few more fears, Then we'll cast the anchor, never more to roam;

We will soon be over, we are almost home, we are al - most home.
almost, almost home.

The Golden Key.

"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night."

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Prayer is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours;
2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,
3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts away,

See the incense rise To the starry skies, Like perfume from the flow'rs.
But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light.
How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the weary hours of day.

Copyright, 1875, by John J. Hood.

4 When the shadows fall,
And the vesper call
Is sobbing its low refrain,
'Tis a garland sweet
To the toil-dent feet,
And an antidote for pain.

5 Soon the year's dark door
Shall be shut no more:
Life's tears shall be wiped away,
As the pearl gates swing,
And the gold harps ring,
And the sun unsheathes for aye.

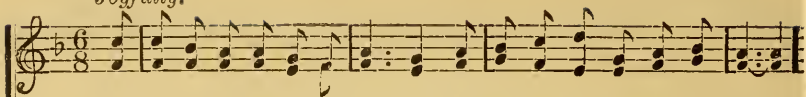
Praise Hymns—D

The Saver Me.

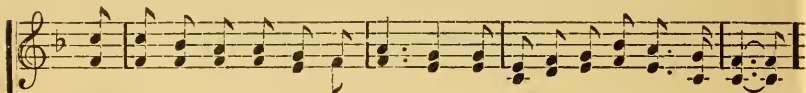
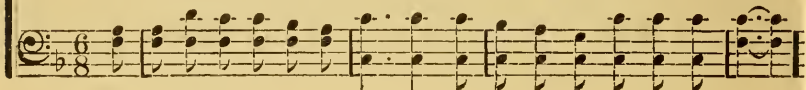
J. W. H.

Joyfully.

J. WESLEY HUGHES.



1. I'm happy in Jesus my Saviour, My sins he hath taken a - way;
2. He gives me his Spirit to guide me In paths of refreshing de - light,
3. How can I but tell the glad sto - ry To all who are waiting to hear,
4. I'll praise him forever and ev - er For sav - ing a sin - ner like me,



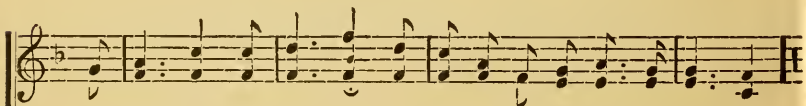
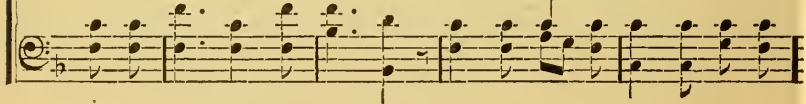
And now I a - bide in his fa - vor, I walk in the light of the day.
 While under his wing doth he hide me Thro' all the dark shadows of night.
 And sing of the love and the glo - ry Of Jesus, my Saviour so dear?
 And about on the banks of the riv - er, Salvation, salvation is free!



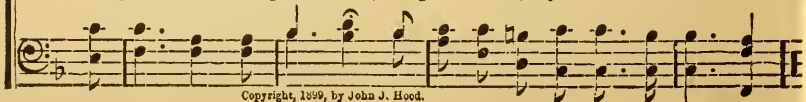
CHORUS.



For he saves me, he saves me, Glo - ry to his name for - ev - er!



I'll praise him, I'll praise him, I'll praise him, my blessed Redeem - er.

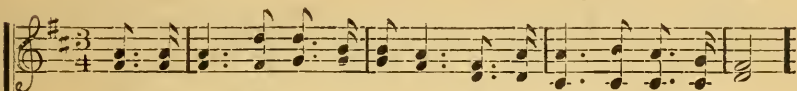


Farther Out.

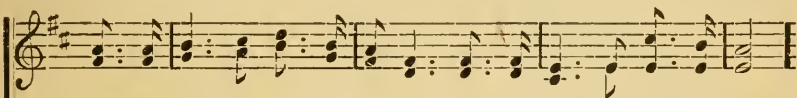
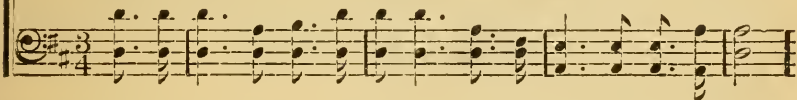
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Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

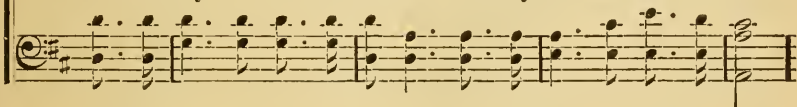
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



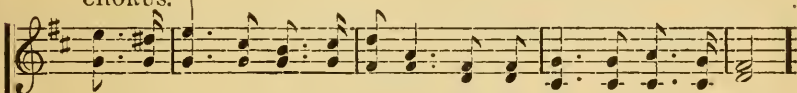
1. Since I found that faith in Je - sus Saves from sin, and sweetly saves,
2. There's no safe - ty for my ves - sel Where the breakers dash and roar,
3. Here the sunlight falls from heaven,— All is peace within, without,



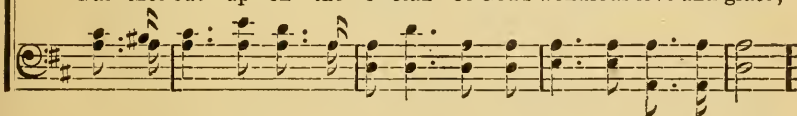
Heart and soul have join'd in crying, "Farther out up - on the waves."
 But I find the smoothest wa - ter Farther out, a - way from shore.
 While each day ce - les - tial breezes Drive my ves - sel far - ther out.



CHORUS.



Far - ther out up - on the o - cean Of God's wondrous love and grace;



"Far - ther out" shall be my watchword Till I meet him face to face.



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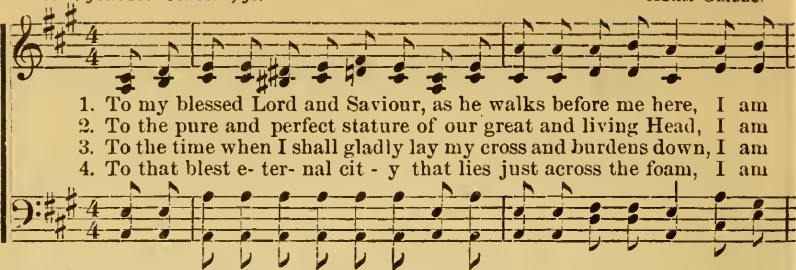
4 Tho' life's storms may sweep around
 In my soul I sing and shout, [me,
 For I know that every tempest
 Will but drive me farther out.

5 Farther out, till I have safely
 Reached that land across the foam,
 Farther out, till I have anchored
 In the soul's eternal home.

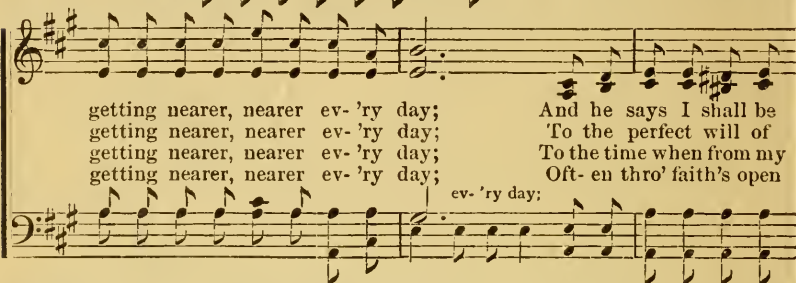
Nearer every Day.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

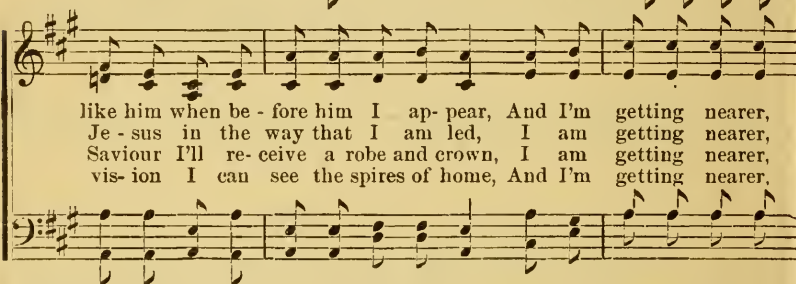
ADAM GEIBEL.



1. To my blessed Lord and Saviour, as he walks before me here, I am
2. To the pure and perfect stature of our great and living Head, I am
3. To the time when I shall gladly lay my cross and burdens down, I am
4. To that blest e-ter-nal cit-y that lies just across the foam, I am



getting nearer, nearer ev-'ry day; And he says I shall be
 getting nearer, nearer ev-'ry day; To the perfect will of
 getting nearer, nearer ev-'ry day; To the time when from my
 getting nearer, nearer ev-'ry day; Oft-en thro' faith's open



like him when be-fore him I ap-pear, And I'm getting nearer,
 Je-sus in the way that I am led, I am getting nearer,
 Saviour I'll re-ceive a robe and crown, I am getting nearer,
 vis-ion I can see the spires of home, And I'm getting nearer.

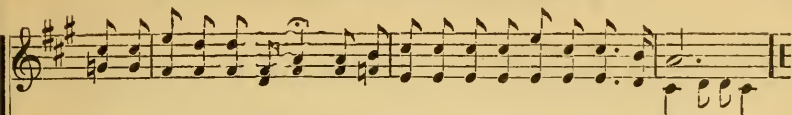


CHORUS.

nearer ev-'ry day. Ev'ry day, praise the Lord, I'm getting nearer,

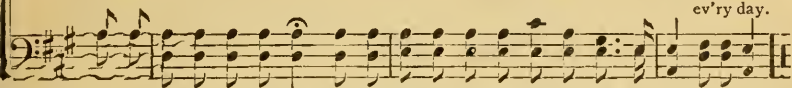


And the way, praise the Lord, is getting clearer; From my Lord no more I'll roam,



For I see the lights of home, And I'm getting nearer, nearer ev'ry day.

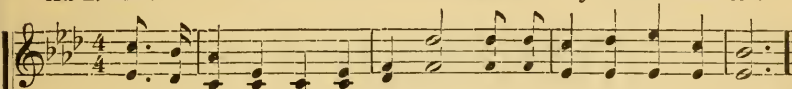
ev'ry day.



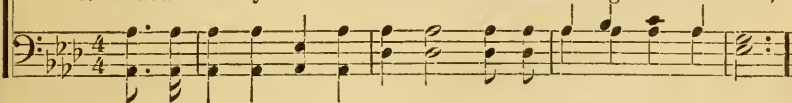
In the Sunshine.

IDA L. REED.

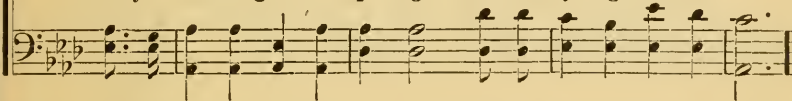
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. I am walking in the sunshine Of my blessed Saviour's love,
2. 'Neath its light the shadows vanish; Now my heart with rapture glows,
3. What are earthly cares and troubles When the love-light shines so free,



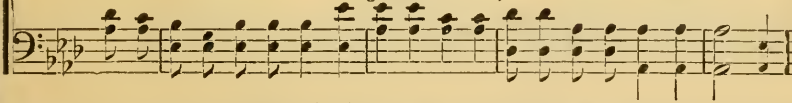
And its light makes bright my pathway, Streaming downward from above.
For this thought my fears doth banish: "All the pathway Je- sus knows!"
All my clouds and gloom dis- pelling— Glo- ri - fy - ing life for me?



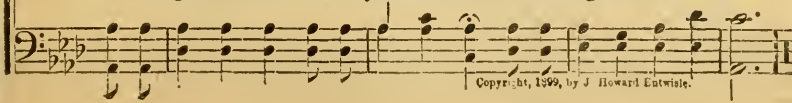
CHORUS.



I am walking in the glorious sun- shine, Walking in the glorious sunshine;
glorious sunshine,



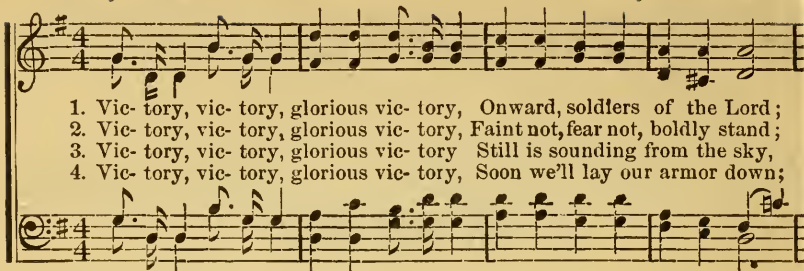
O this light so free shines for you and me, Blessed light of Je- sus' love.



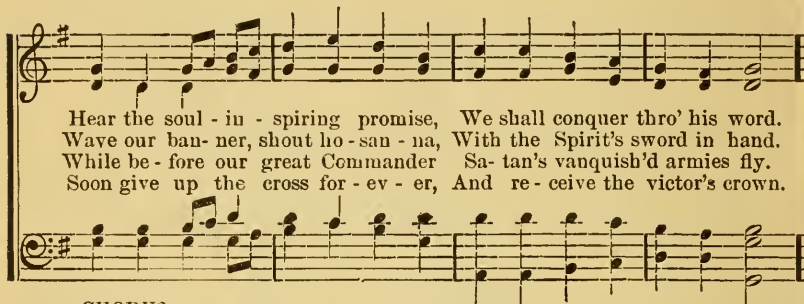
Glorious Victory.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

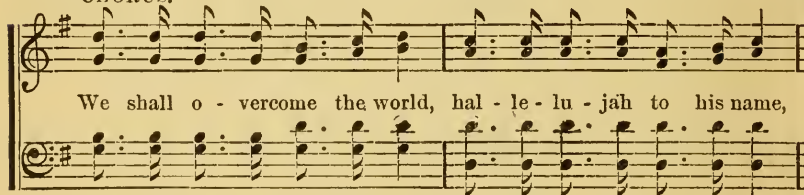


1. Vic-tory, vic-tory, glorious vic-tory, Onward, soldiers of the Lord;
 2. Vic-tory, vic-tory, glorious vic-tory, Faint not, fear not, boldly stand;
 3. Vic-tory, vic-tory, glorious vic-tory Still is sounding from the sky,
 4. Vic-tory, vic-tory, glorious vic-tory, Soon we'll lay our armor down;

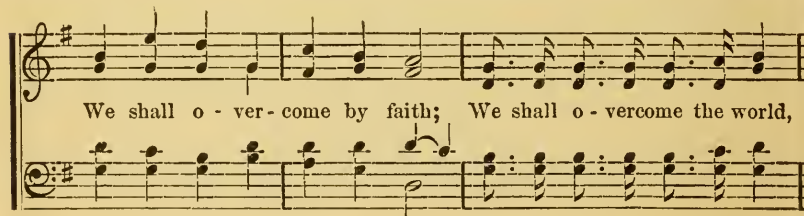


Hear the soul - in - spiring promise, We shall conquer thro' his word.
 Wave our ban-ner, shout ho-san-na, With the Spirit's sword in hand.
 While be-fore our great Commander Sa-tan's vanquish'd armies fly.
 Soon give up the cross for - ev - er, And re-ceive the victor's crown.

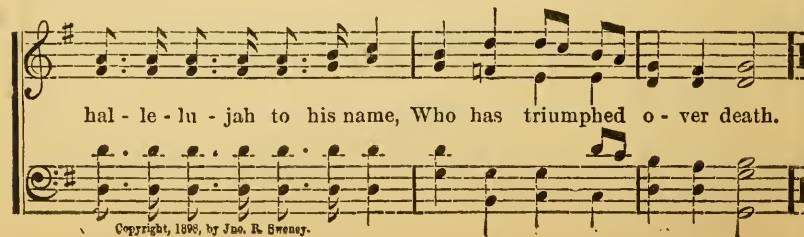
CHORUS.



We shall o-vercome the world, hal-le-lu-jah to his name,



We shall o-ver-come by faith; We shall o-vercome the world,



hal-le-lu-jah to his name, Who has triumphed o-ver death.

When the Saints are Marching in. 31

KATHARINE E. PURVIS.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Thro' the shining gate, Where the angels wait, When the saints . . . are
 2. Parted friends shall meet On the golden street, When the saints . . . are
 3. Ev'ry tongue and race Shall extol God's grace, When the saints . . . are
 4. "To the Lamb once slain, But who lives again," When the saints . . . are

marching in; The redeem'd shall come, And be crown'd at home,
 marching in; Spotless robes shall wear, Victor palms shall bear,
 marching in; And the blood-wash'd throng Shall repeat the song,
 marching in; are marching in; We shall of-fer praise Thro' e-ternal days,

CHORUS.

When the saints are marching in. When the saints . . are marching
 When the saints When the saints

in, When the saints . . . are marching in; Joyful
 are marching in, When the saints are marching in;

songs of salvation thro' the sky shall ring, When the saints are marching in.
 When the saints marching in.

Sunlight all the Way.

HATTIE E. BUELL.

J. M. BLACK. By per.

1. O the brightness and the glo - ry of love that came to me, On the
2. In this wonder - ful sal - vation, and his re - deem - ing grace, I have
3. 'Tis the hope of joys e - ter - nal when life on earth is done Fills my

morning of that bright and happy day, When I found my blessed Saviour whose
peace and joy, and nothing can dismay; In the comfort of his presence, the
soul with strength and courage in the fray; So I'll shout a glad ho- sanna! for

pardon made me free, Now, there's bright and blessed sunlight all the way.
shining of his face There is bright and blessed sunlight all the way.
ev-ry vict'ry won And the bright and blessed sunlight all the way.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

{ There is sunlight, sunlight, beaming bright and clear In the sweetness of his
{ There is sunlight, sunlight, with my Saviour near, There is (*Omit.*) . . .

sunlight, sunlight,

service day by day, bright and blessed sunlight all the way.

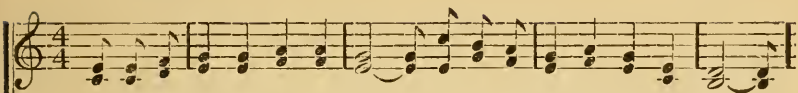
Copyright, 1896, by J. M. Black.

I'm Washed In the Blood.

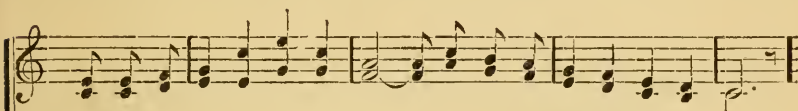
33

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

JOHN J. HOOD.



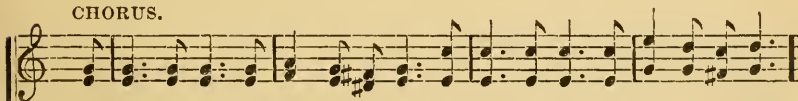
1. My many sins are all for - giv'n, And ev'ry slavish chain is riv'n;
2. I ask'd for mercy at the throne, No merits had I of my own;
3. The blood flows o'er my trusting soul, It saves and makes me clean and whole;



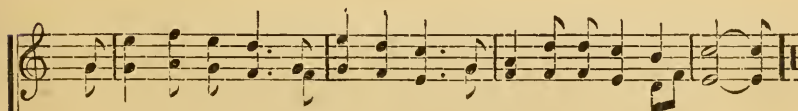
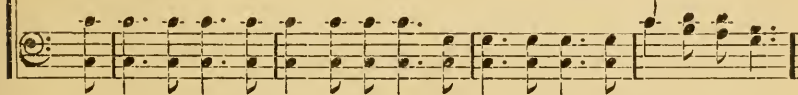
My burden's gone, my soul is free, The precious blood avails for me.
I pray'd for help in Je - sus' name, And to my heart the answer came:
Beneath the crimson tide I'll stay, Where all my guilt is wash'd a - way.



CHORUS.



The blood, the blood, I'm wash'd in the blood! I'm sav'd, I'm sav'd, O glory to God!



To save me from sin the Saviour died, And now I am jus - ti - fied.



Copyright, 1893, by John J. Hood.

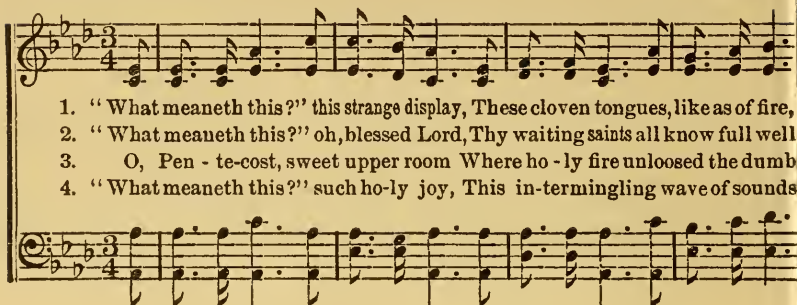
Praise Hymns—F.

What Meaneth this?

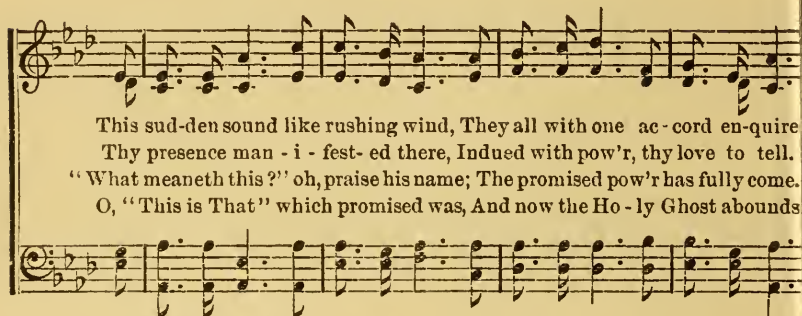
"This is that which was spoken by the Prophet Joel."—ACTS 2: 16.

E. GRACE UPDEGRAFF.

H. L. GILMOUR.

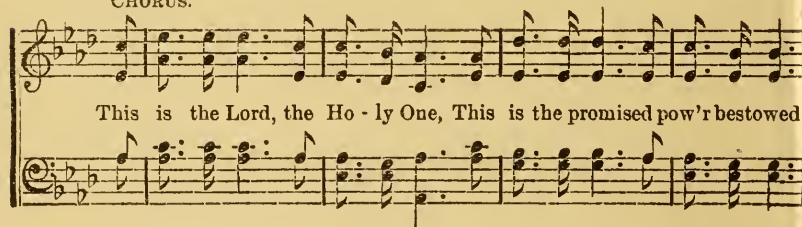


1. "What meaneth this?" this strange display, These cloven tongues, like as of fire,
2. "What meaneth this?" oh, blessed Lord, Thy waiting saints all know full well
3. O, Pen - te-cost, sweet upper room Where ho - ly fire unloosed the dumb
4. "What meaneth this?" such ho - ly joy, This in - termingling wave of sounds

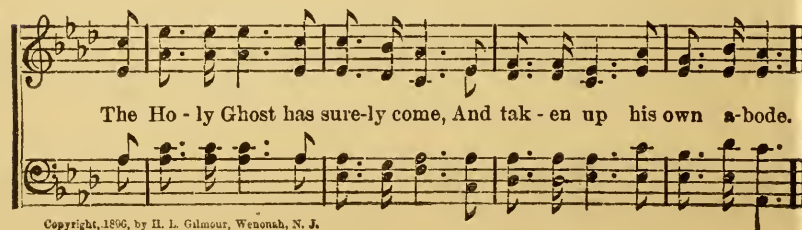


This sud - den sound like rushing wind, They all with one ac - cord en - quire
 Thy presence man - i - fest - ed there, Indued with pow'r, thy love to tell.
 "What meaneth this?" oh, praise his name; The promised pow'r has fully come.
 O, "This is That" which promised was, And now the Ho - ly Ghost abounds

CHORUS.



This is the Lord, the Ho - ly One, This is the promised pow'r bestowed



The Ho - ly Ghost has sure - ly come, And tak - en up his own a - bode.

Send the Fire Just Now.

35

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

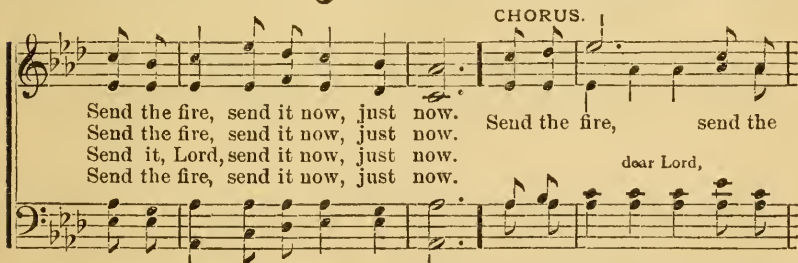


1. While we now, dear Lord, at thy al - tar kneel, Come in might - y
 2. Let the al - tar - fire, bless - ed Lord, be felt, Till these hearts of
 3. Ev - 'rything is now on the al - tar laid, We have un - to
 4. Lord, burn up the dross, all the gold re - fine, Now up - on our

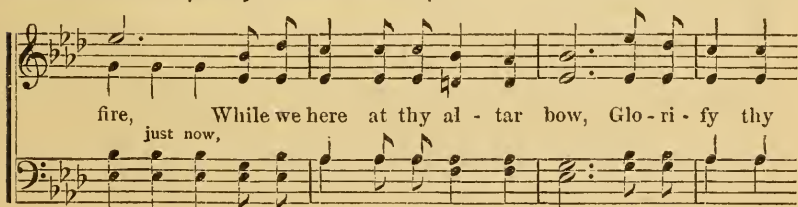


pow'r, now thyself re - veal; Lord, the old-time fire we de - sire to feel,
 ours with thy love shall melt; Touch our lips, dear Lord, as the coals are dealt,
 thee full sur - render made; May the fire consume, let it not be stay'd,
 hearts may thine image shine, That we may be seal'd, Lord, forev - er thine,—

CHORUS.



Send the fire, send it now, just now. Send the fire, send the
 Send the fire, send it now, just now.
 Send it, Lord, send it now, just now.
 Send the fire, send it now, just now. dear Lord,



fire, just now, While we here at thy al - tar bow, Glo - ri - fy thy

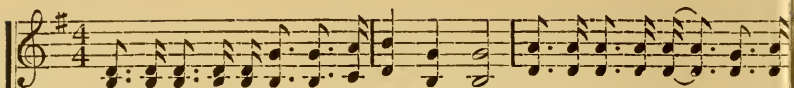


name, send the liv - ing flame,—Send the fire, send it now, just now.

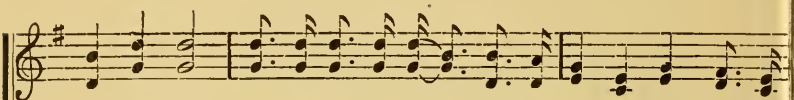
We Overcome by the Blood.

R. K. C.

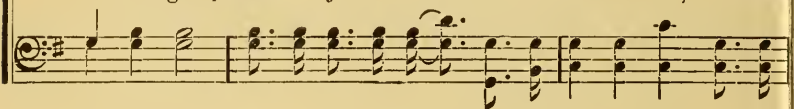
R. KELSO CARTER.



1. Shout aloud, Hosanna to the King of kings! All my soul within me of his
2. In the smoke of battle, when the right seems wrong, Ever pressing onward with
3. Resting by the waters, in a sweet ac- cord, Knowing all the joys that his
4. Marching, fighting, praising, in the storm and fire, Tried and tempted daily, we are



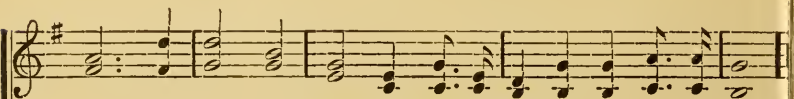
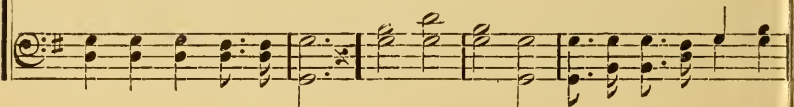
mer- cy sings; How the hymn of triumph to the heavens rings, When we
purpose strong, We will shout for joy, for it won't be long Till we
ways af- ford; Vanished ev'ry pleasure, now we've seen the Lord, And have
lift- ed higher; Soon we'll join the chorus in the ransomed choir, Who have



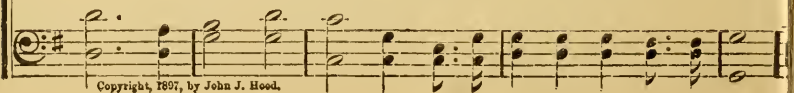
CHORUS.



o - vercome by the blood! Glo - ry! hon - or! Glo - ry to the Son of



God! Oh, praise him! praise him! For we o - vercome by the blood.

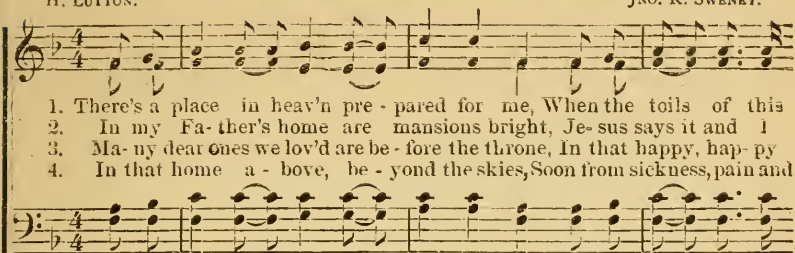


Jesus Promised Me a Home.

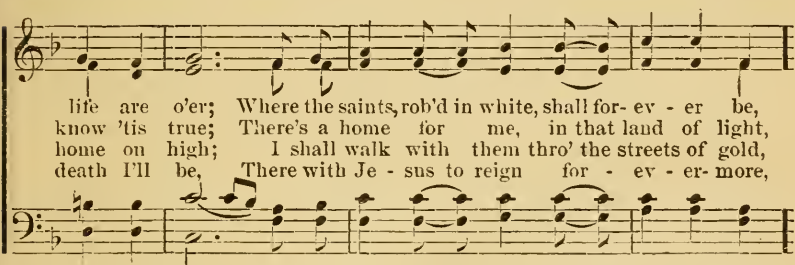
41

H. LUTTON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

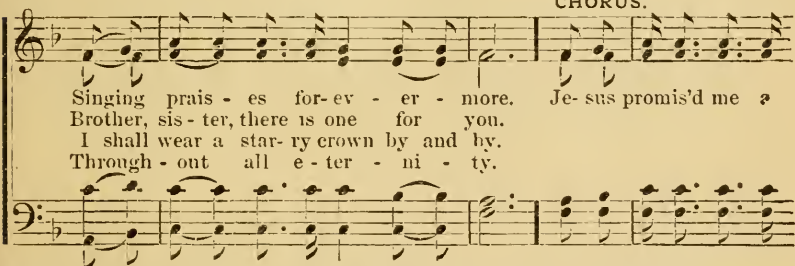


1. There's a place in heav'n pre - pared for me, When the toils of this
 2. In my Fa - ther's home are mansions bright, Je - sus says it and I
 3. Ma - ny dear ones we lov'd are be - fore the throne, In that happy, hap - py
 4. In that home a - bove, be - yond the skies, Soon from sickness, pain and

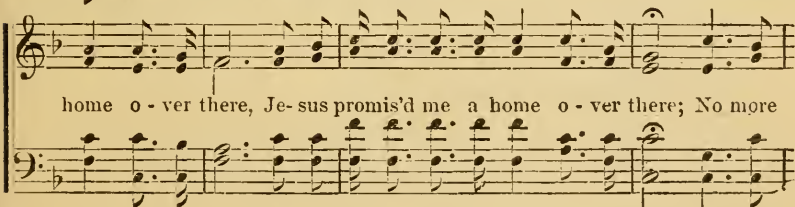


life are o'er; Where the saints, rob'd in white, shall for - ev - er be,
 know 'tis true; There's a home for me, in that land of light,
 home on high; I shall walk with them thro' the streets of gold,
 death I'll be, There with Je - sus to reign for - ev - er - more,

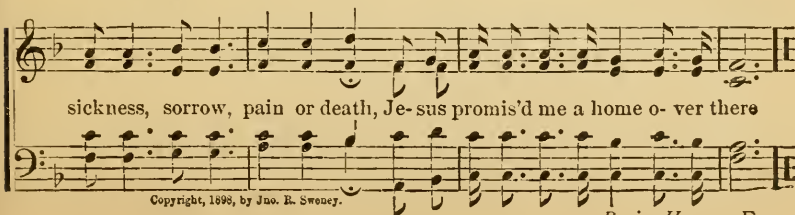
CHORUS.



Singing prais - es for - ev - er - more. Je - sus promis'd me
 Brother, sis - ter, there is one for you.
 I shall wear a star - ry crown by and by.
 Through - out all e - ter - ni - ty.



home o - ver there, Je - sus promis'd me a home o - ver there; No more



sickness, sorrow, pain or death, Je - sus promis'd me a home o - ver there

42 When our Ships come Sailing Home.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When our ships have crossed the ocean, and been all around the world, When they
 2. But if there is such rejoicing to see vessels here get home, When we
 3. Oh, methinks I hear the angels shout, "here comes an earthly bark, She has
 4. So with Je- sus as our Captain we expect to gain that shore, We ex-

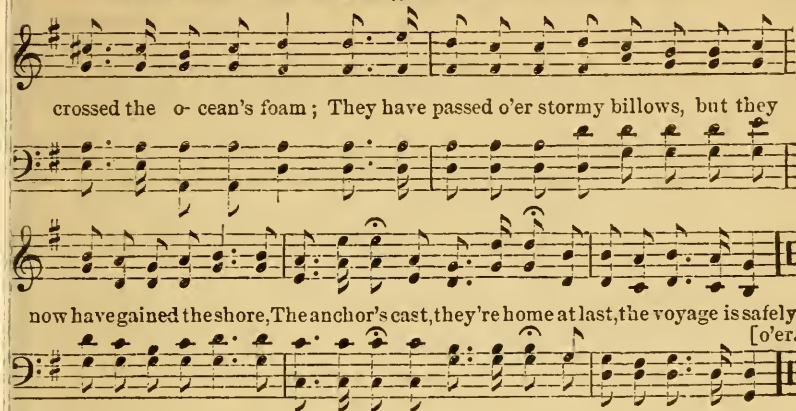
safe-ly gain the ha- ven, and their sails a - gain are furled; We re-
 know that in a lit - tle while these ships a - gain will roam; Oh, what
 found her way to heaven, tho' the way was rough and dark; But she
 pect to cast our anchor there, and stay for - ev - er more; And we

joice to see them enter, and to know the anchor's cast, Raising joyful shouts of
 must it be in heaven when a soul comes sailing in, To go out no more for-
 had a star to guide her, called the bright and morning star, It has guided millions
 know the angels will be there to greet us when we come, They will join in songs of

CHORUS.

welcome, for our ships are home at last. Oh, what singing, oh, what
 ev - er sail- ing on the sea of sin?
 o - ver from that dis- tant land a - far."
 rapture, "welcome home, oh, welcome home."

shouting, when our ships come sailing home;
 They have stood the mighty tempests, they have



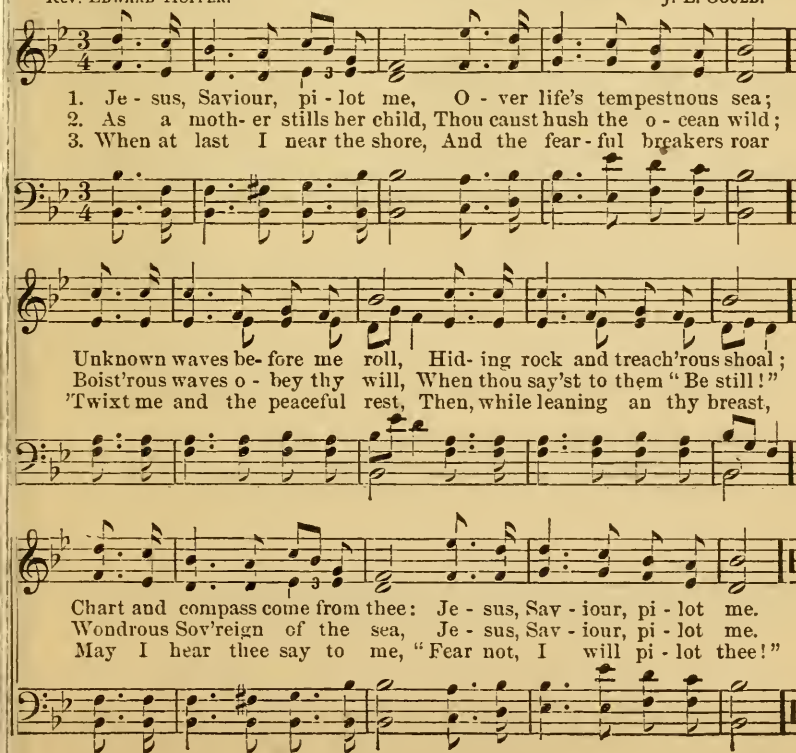
crossed the o - cean's foam ; They have passed o'er stormy billows, but they

now have gained the shore, The anchor's cast, they're home at last, the voyage is safely [o'er.]

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.



1. Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tempestuous sea ;
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild ;
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar

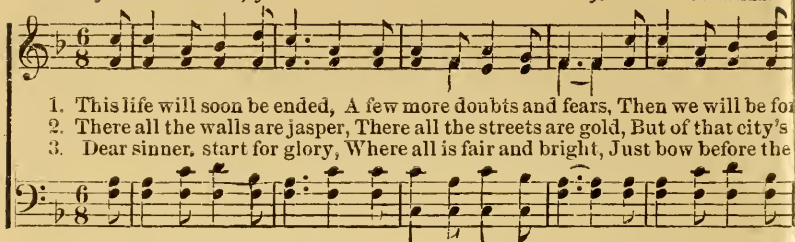
Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal ;
 Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will, When thou say'st to them "Be still !"
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning an thy breast,

Chart and compass come from thee : Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

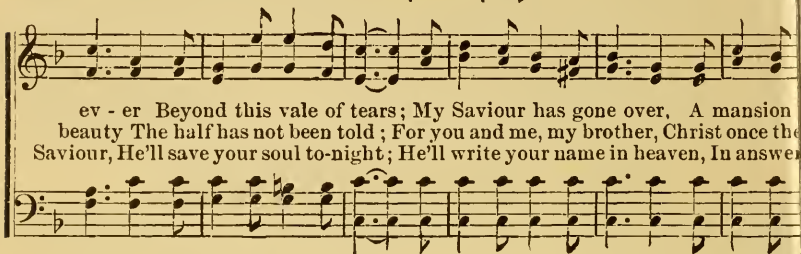
Oh, Won't you Meet me There?

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

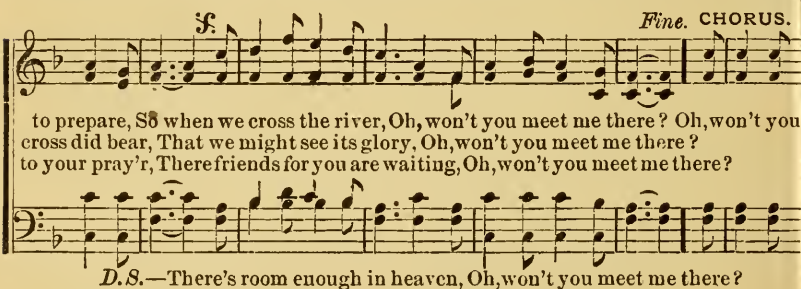
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



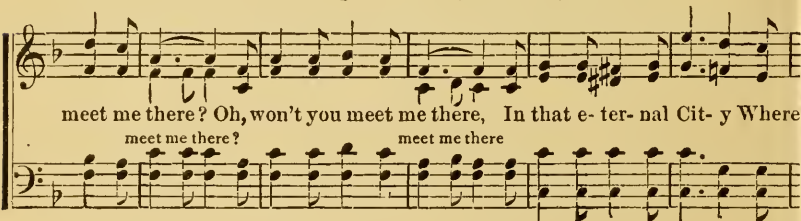
1. This life will soon be ended, A few more doubts and fears, Then we will be for
2. There all the walls are jasper, There all the streets are gold, But of that city's
3. Dear sinner, start for glory, Where all is fair and bright, Just bow before the



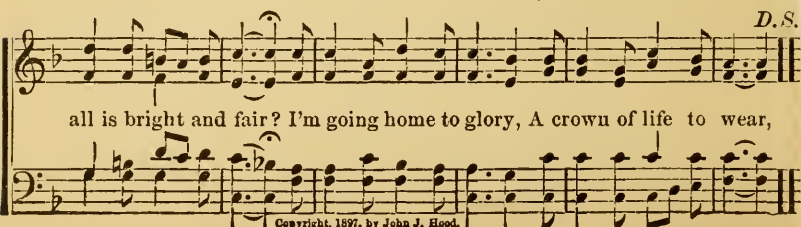
ev - er Beyond this vale of tears; My Saviour has gone over, A mansion
beauty The half has not been told; For you and me, my brother, Christ once the
Saviour, He'll save your soul to-night; He'll write your name in heaven, In answer



Fine. CHORUS.
to prepare, So when we cross the river, Oh, won't you meet me there? Oh, won't you
cross did bear, That we might see its glory, Oh, won't you meet me there?
to your pray'r, There friends for you are waiting, Oh, won't you meet me there?



D.S.—There's room enough in heaven, Oh, won't you meet me there?
meet me there? Oh, won't you meet me there, In that e - ter - nal Cit - y Where
meet me there? meet me there



D.S.
all is bright and fair? I'm going home to glory, A crown of life to wear,

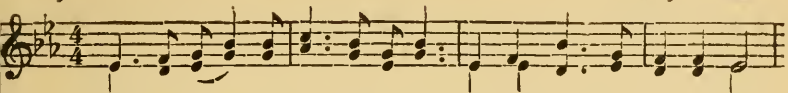
In that City.

45

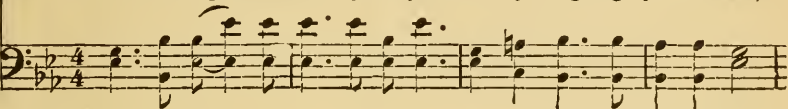
C. J. E.

E

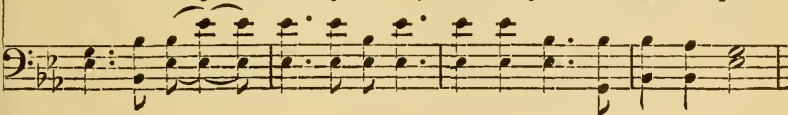
CHAS. J. BUTLER.



1. O'er death's sea, in yon blest city, There's a home for ev'-ry one;
2. Here we've no a-bid-ing city, Mansions here will soon de-cay;
3. I have loved ones in that city, Those who left me years a-go;
4. T'ward that pure and ho-ly city Oft my long-ing eyes I cast;



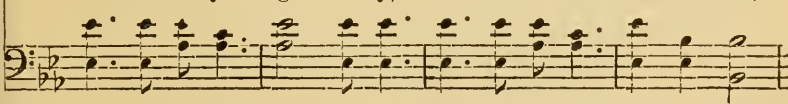
Purchas'd with a price most costly, 'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.
But that cit-y God's built firmly, It can nev-er pass a-way.
They with joy are wait-ing for me, Where no farewell tears e'er flow.
Je-sus whispers sweet-ly to me, Heav'n is yours when earth is past.



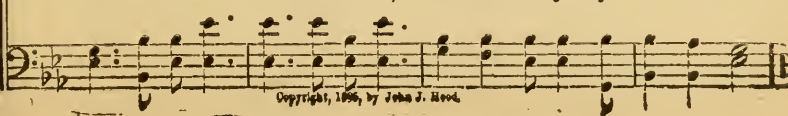
CHORUS.



In that cit-y—bright cit-y, Soon with loved ones I shall be;



And with Jesus live for-ev-er, In that cit-y beyond death's sea.



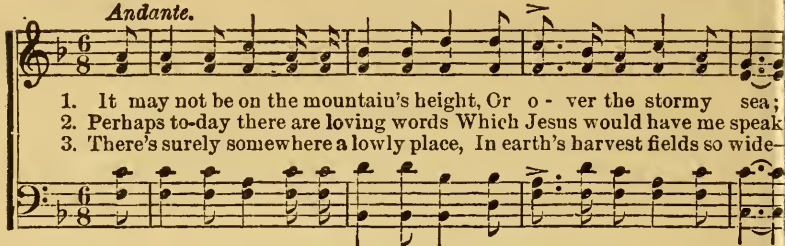
46 I'll Go where You want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN.

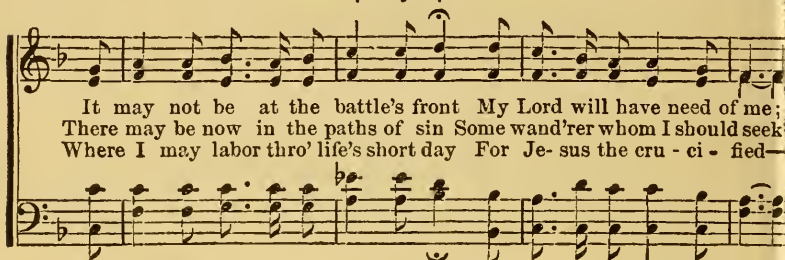
"CONSECRATION."

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

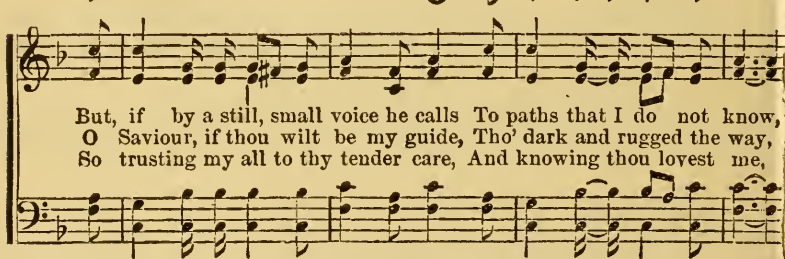
Andante.



1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the stormy sea;
2. Perhaps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak
3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—



It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek
Where I may labor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—

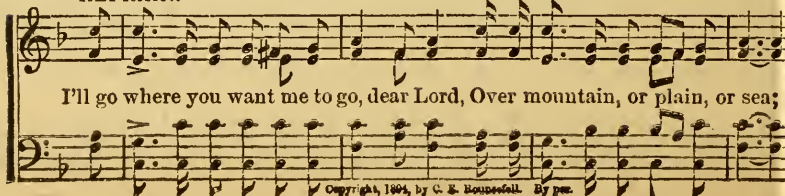


But, if by a still, small voice he calls To paths that I do not know,
O Saviour, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trusting my all to thy tender care, And knowing thou lovest me,

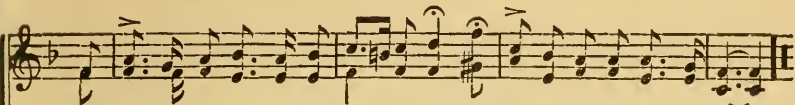


I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall echo thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

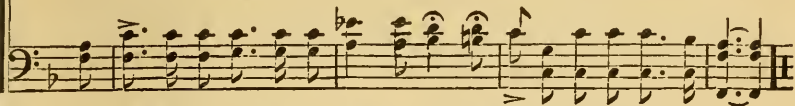
REFRAIN.



I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;



I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

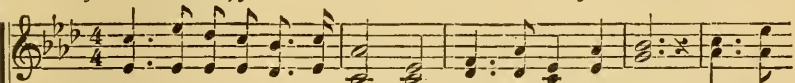


Don't You Know He Cares?

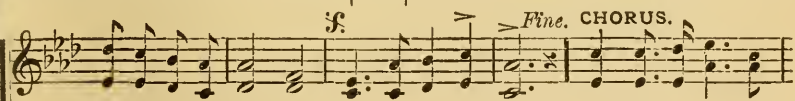
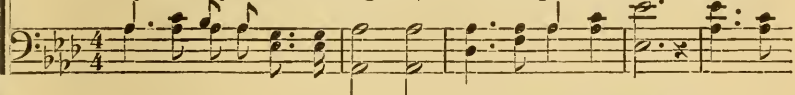
Like Elijah, when he sat under the Juniper tree and prayed for the Lord to take his life, how often we in hours of trouble, sit under our Juniper tree of sorrow alone and cry out, "I am passing through the waters and 'Nobody Cares.'"

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

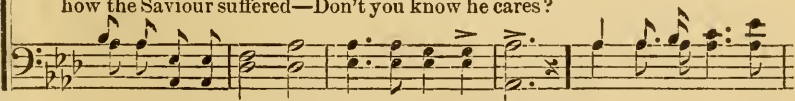
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



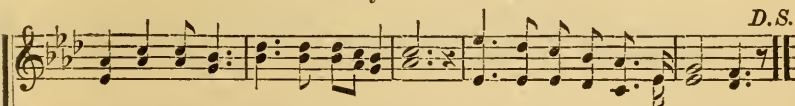
1. When your spirit bows in sor - row From the load it bears, Go and
2. Have your feet become entan - gled In the tempter's snares? There is
3. Have you been by grief o'ertak - en, Stricken un - awares? Yet you
4. Is your body fill'd with anguish, With the pain it bears? Think of



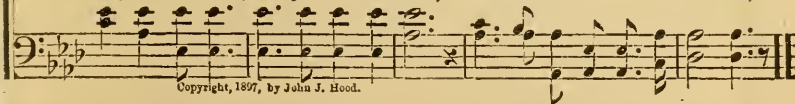
tell your heart to Jesus,—Don't you know he cares? Yes, there is One who
One who died to save you, Don't you know he cares?
will not be for- sak - en, Don't you know he cares?
how the Saviour suffered—Don't you know he cares?



D.S.—Don't you know he cares?



shares your burdens, Ev'ry sorrow shares; Go and tell it all to Je- sus,—



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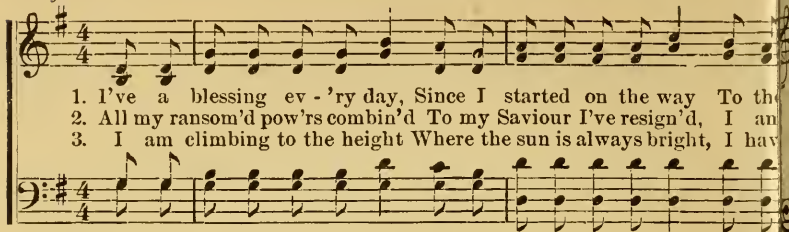
5 Loss of friends and loss of fortune—
Life a dark look wears;
Yet the Saviour still is with you,
Don't you know he cares?

6 So amid life's cares and struggles,
Blending songs with prayers—
Always put your trust in Jesus,
Don't you know he cares?

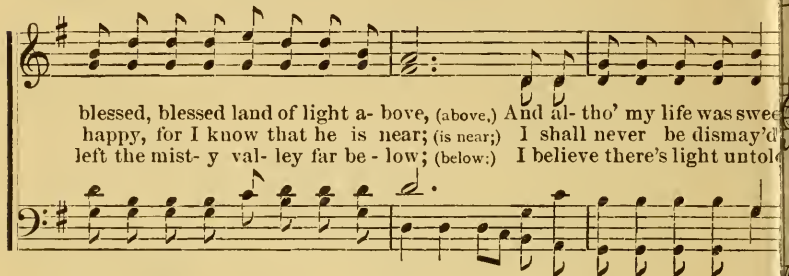
I've a Blessing every Day.

J. B. MACKAY.

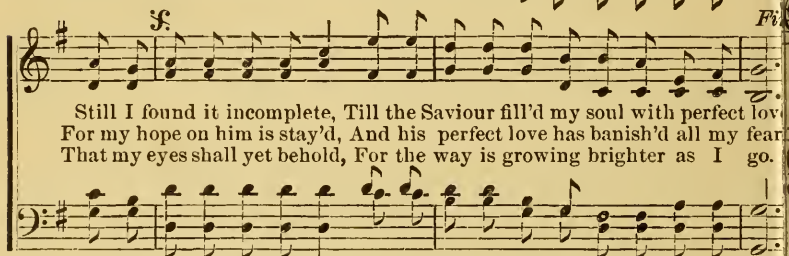
W. T. DASHIELL.



1. I've a blessing ev - 'ry day, Since I started on the way To the
 2. All my ransom'd pow'rs combin'd To my Saviour I've resign'd, I am
 3. I am climbing to the height Where the sun is always bright, I have



blessed, blessed land of light a - bove, (above.) And al- tho' my life was sweet
 happy, for I know that he is near; (is near;) I shall never be dismay'd
 left the mist- y val- ley far be - low; (below:) I believe there's light untold



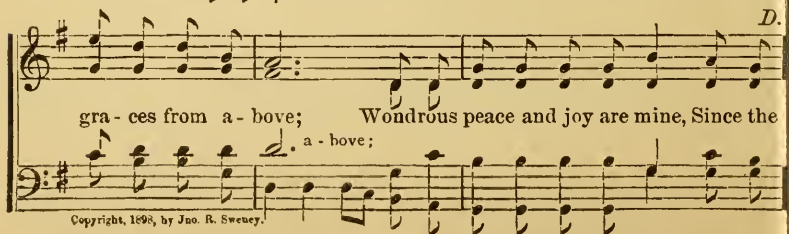
Still I found it incomplete, Till the Saviour fill'd my soul with perfect love
 For my hope on him is stay'd, And his perfect love has banish'd all my fear
 That my eyes shall yet behold, For the way is growing brighter as I go.

D. S.—blessed Lord divine Fill'd my soul all thro' and thro' with perfect love

CHORUS.



Perfect love, Perfect love, perfect love, 'Tis the best of all the



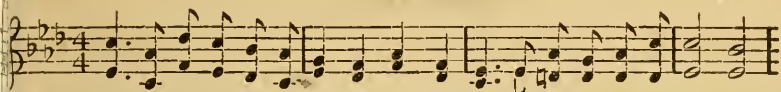
gra - ces from a - bove; Wondrous peace and joy are mine, Since the
 a - bove;

Waiting at the Mercy Seat.

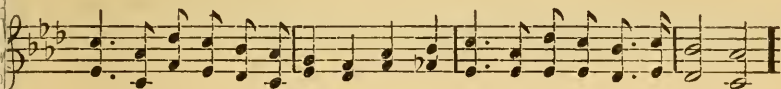
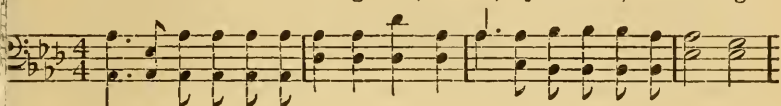
49

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



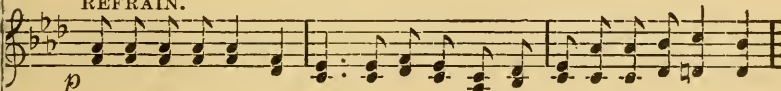
1. Father, thou art willing to bestow The Spirit's pow'r upon thy children;
2. Search me, Lord, and know this heart of mine, Have I surrender'd to thee fully?
3. As the branches of the Living Vine, Are we, thy children, now abiding?



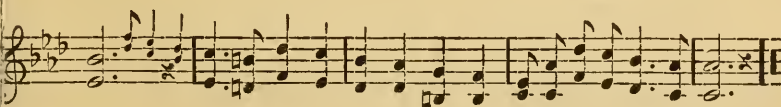
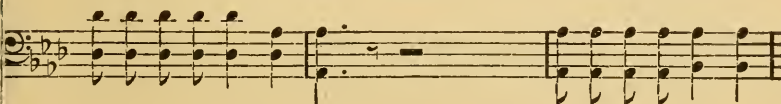
And we cannot, cannot let thee go Until the precious boon is giv - en.
Is my will completely lost in thine, The Spirit's dwelling place made holy?
May we claim the promis'd pow'r divine To all who come in faith confiding.



REFRAIN.



Waiting at the mer - cy seat, O Father, We are waiting at the mer - cy



seat; For the Spirit's pow'r and blessing, Waiting at the mercy seat.



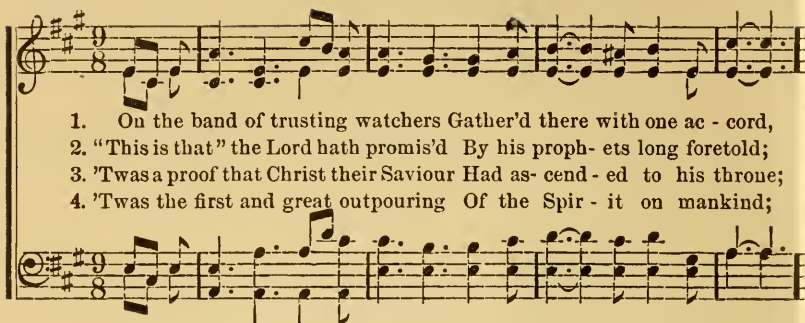
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- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>4 Bid us not go hence nor leave thy throne, Until thy Spirit thou'rt bestowing; Till in us thy perfect will be done, And all the fullness we are knowing.</p> | <p>5 Hush'd the raging tempest in my soul, As Christ to peace the storm is stilling; Waves of comfort now above me roll, As he with love my soul is filling.</p> |
|--|--|

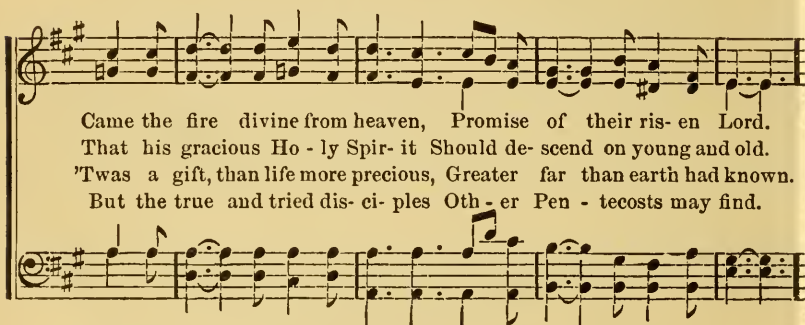
Pentecost.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. On the band of trusting watchers Gather'd there with one ac - cord,
 2. "This is that" the Lord hath promis'd By his proph - ets long foretold;
 3. 'Twas a proof that Christ their Saviour Had as - cend - ed to his throne;
 4. 'Twas the first and great outpouring Of the Spir - it on mankind;



Came the fire divine from heaven, Promise of their ris - en Lord.
 That his gracious Ho - ly Spir - it Should de - scend on young and old.
 'Twas a gift, than life more precious, Greater far than earth had known.
 But the true and tried dis - ci - ples Oth - er Pen - tecosts may find.

CHORUS.



Praise the Lord! the Holy Spir - it From the high - est heaven came,
 Praise the Lord! Ho - ly Spirit From the highest, highest heaven came,



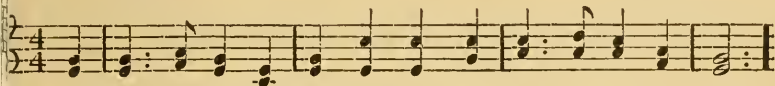
Freely gave to all the faithful Tongues of fire and hearts of flame.
 Freely gave all the faithful Tongues of fire

Waiting for the Promise.

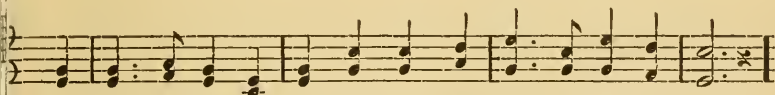
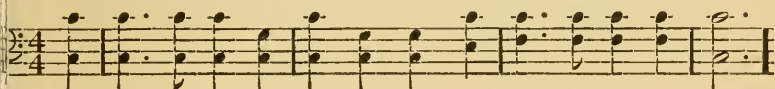
51

FANNY J. CROSBY.

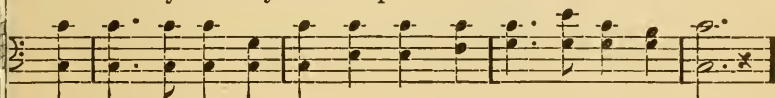
JNO. R. SWENEY.



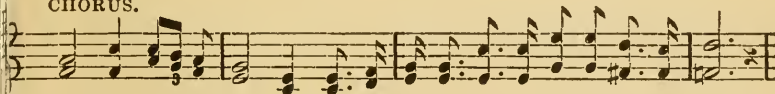
1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, and touch my tongue As with a liv-ing flame;
2. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, with sa-cred fire Bap-tize this heart of mine;
3. I want a self-re-nouncing will, That owns his sweet con-trol,
4. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, the blood ap-ply As thou hast ne'er be-fore,



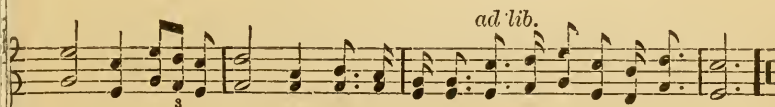
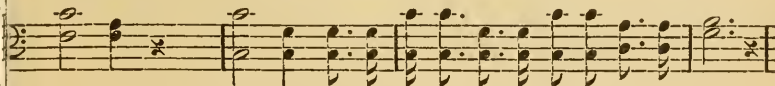
I want the sanc-ti-fy-ing grace My Sav-iour bids me claim.
Break ev-'ry earthly i-dol down, And all its dross re-fine.
And thro' my life I want his love A ceaseless flood to roll.
That I may shout my Saviour's praise Henceforth and ev-er-more.



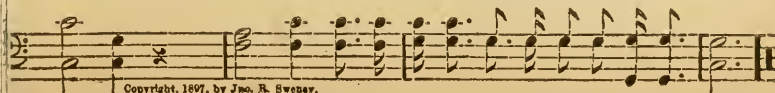
CHORUS.



Waiting, I am waiting For the promise of the pente-costal show'r;



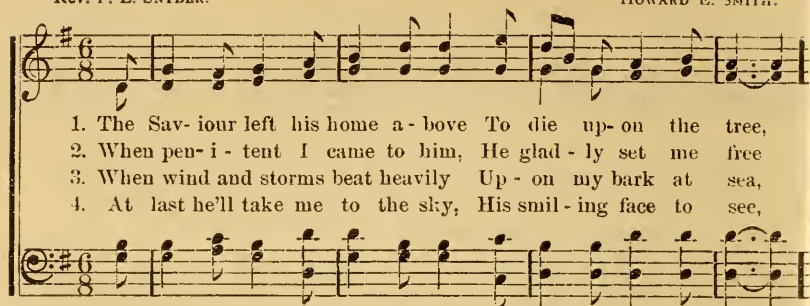
Waiting, I am waiting For the promise of thy wondrous, mighty pow'r.



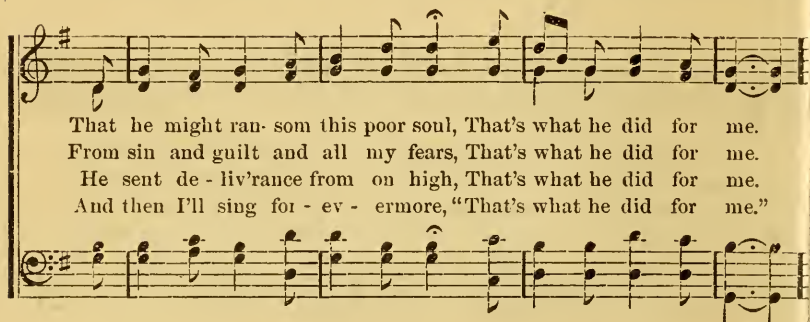
That's what He Did for Me.

Rev. F. L. SNYDER.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

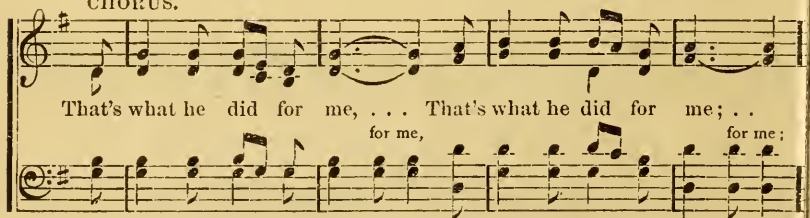


1. The Sav- iour left his home a - bove To die up - on the tree,
 2. When pen - i - tent I came to him, He glad - ly set me free
 3. When wind and storms beat heavily Up - on my bark at sea,
 4. At last he'll take me to the sky, His smil - ing face to see,

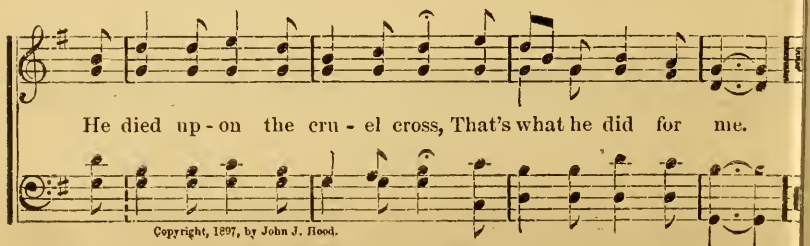


That he might ran - som this poor soul, That's what he did for me.
 From sin and guilt and all my fears, That's what he did for me.
 He sent de - liv'rance from on high, That's what he did for me.
 And then I'll sing for - ev - ermore, "That's what he did for me."

CHORUS.



That's what he did for me, . . . That's what he did for me; . .
 for me, for me;



He died up - on the cru - el cross, That's what he did for me.

53 **How Firm a Foundation.**

M. E. H. 679.

How firm a foundation, ye saints
of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excel-
lent word!
What more can he say, than to you
he hath said,
To you, who for refuge to Jesus
have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be
not dismayed
For I am thy God, I will still give
thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent
hand.

3 "When thro' the deep waters I call
thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not over-
flow;
For I will be with thee thy trials
to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest
distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy
pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy
supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I
only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold
to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my peo-
ple shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchange-
able love;
And when hoary hairs shall their
temples adorn
Like lambs they shall still in my
bosom be borne.

54 **Step Out on the Promise.**

Music No. 191 in "Precious Hymns."

O MOURNER in Zion, how blessed
art thou,
For Jesus is waiting to comfort
thee now,
Fear not to rely on the word of
thy God;
Step out on the promise,—get under
the blood.

2 O ye that are hungry and thirsty,
rejoice!

For ye shall be filled; do you hear
that sweet voice
Inviting you now to the banquet of
God?

Step out on the promise,—get under
the blood.

3 Who sighs for a heart from iniqui-
ty free?

O poor troubled soul! there's a
promise for thee.

There's rest, weary one, in the
bosom of God;

Step out on the promise,—get under
the blood.

4 Step out on the promise, and Christ
you shall win.

"The blood of his Son cleanseth us
from all sin,"

It cleanseth me now, hallelujah to
God!

I rest on the promise,—I'm under
the blood.

5 The promise don't save, tho' the
promise is true;

'Tis the blood we get under that
cleanseth us through,

It cleanseth me now, hallelujah to
God!

I rest on the promise,—I'm under
the blood.

55 **I'm a Holiness Christian.**

Tune, "Jesus Listening All the Day."

I'm a Holiness Christian,

From the wilderness I came,

I'm saved and washed in Jesus' blood,
Hallelujah to His name.

CHO.—I'm a Holiness Christian,

I'm so happy all the time,

I sing, I shout, I leap for joy,
And oh, it is sublime.

I came down to Jordan's river,

When the current was so strong,

I plunged right in and came straight
through

With a hallelujah song.

I came then to old Jericho,

Oh! the walls were very high,

I gave a shout, and down they came,
And the Canaanites did fly.

I am dwelling now in Beulah,

Where the sun shines all the time;

I live on figs and grapes and corn,
In a hallelujah clime.

56 Treasures of Heaven.

Tune in "Songs of Redeeming Love,"
p. 49.

THERE'S a crown in heaven for the
striving soul,
Which the blessed Jesus himself
will place
On the head of each who shall
faithful prove,
Even unto death, in the heavenly
race.

CHO.—Oh, may that crown in heaven
be mine.
And I among the angels shine;
Be thou, O Lord! my daily guide,
Let me ever in thy love abide.

2 There's a joy in heaven for the
mourning soul,
Though the tears may fall all the
earthly night;
Yet the clouds of sadness will break
away,
And rejoicing come with the
morning light.

CHO.—Oh, may that joy, etc.

3 There's a home in heaven for the
faithful soul,
In the many mansions prepared
above,
Where the glorified shall forever
sing,
Of a Saviour's free and unbound-
ed love.

CHO.—Oh, may that home, etc.
T. C. O'KANE.

57 Higher Than I.

OH, sometimes the shadows are
deep,
And rough seems the path to the
goal,
And sorrows, how often they sweep,
Like tempests, down over the soul.

CHO.—||: Oh, then to the Rock let me
fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I:||

2 Oh, sometimes, how long seems the
day,
And sometimes how weary my
feet;
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow how
sweet!

3 Oh, near to the Rock let me keep,
Or blessings or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain-way
steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.

E. JOHNSON.

58 The Child of a King.

Music No. 87, "Hymn Songs."

MY Father is rich in houses and
lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world
in his hands!
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver
and gold,
His coffers are full, he has riches
untold.

CHO.—I'm the child of a King, the
child of a King,
With Jesus my Saviour, I'm the
child of a King.

2 My Father's own Son, the "Saviour
of men!"
Once wandered o'er earth as the
poorest of them;
But now he is reigning, forever o-
high,
And will give me a home in the
sweet by and by!

3 I once was an out-cast stranger on
earth,
A sinner by choice, an alien by
birth!
But I've been adopted, my name
written down;
An heir to a mansion, a robe, and
crown.

4 A tent or a cottage, why should
care?
They're building a palace for me
over there!
Though exiled from home, yet still
I may sing:
All glory to God, I'm the child of
a King.

HATTIE E. BUELL

59 The Land that has no Storm.

SINNER, whither art thou going,
Heedless of the clouds that form
Satan tries his best to keep you
From the land that has no storm.

CHO.—I'm going, yes, I'm going
To the land that has no storm.

2 Sinner, wake, and look around thee
Light is breaking on the morn;
See the millions, hear them singing
In the land that has no storm.

3 Sinner, earth is full of sorrow.
Full of trial and of scorn;
Won't you come, and be with Jesus
In the land that hath no storm?

60 The Lion of Judah.
 From "The Quiver." Tune, No. 142.
 'TWAS Jesus, my Saviour, who died
 on the tree,
 To open a fountain for sinners like
 me;
 His blood is the fountain that par-
 don bestows,
 And cleanses the foulest wherever
 it flows.

CHO.—For the Lion of Judah shall
 break every chain,
 And give us the victory again and
 again.

2 And when I was willing with all
 things to part,
 He gave me my bounty, his love in
 my heart;
 So now I am joined with the con-
 quering band,
 Who are marching to glory at
 Jesus' command.

3 And when the last trumpet of judg-
 ment shall sound,
 And wake all the nations that sleep
 in the ground,
 Then, when heav'n and earth shall
 be melting away,
 I'll bring of the blood of the cross in
 that day.

61 Are You Ready?
 Music, No. 26 in "Precious Hymns."
 SHOULD the summons, quickly fly-
 ing,
 On the slumb'ring nations fall,—
 "Lo! the heavenly Bridegroom com-
 eth,"
 Would the sound your soul appal?
 Are you ready? are you ready?
 Should you hear the midnight call?

2 What if now the startling mandate
 Should the sleeping virgins hear,—
 Are your lamps all trimmed and
 burning,
 Should the Bridegroom now ap-
 pear?
 Are you ready? are you ready?
 Now to see your Lord appear?

3 Is there oil in all your vessels?
 Are your garments pure and
 white?
 Are they washed in the cleansing
 fountain,—
 Fit to stand in Jesus' sight?
 Are you ready? are you ready?
 Are your lamps all clear and
 bright?

62 Come, Ye Sinners.
 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love and power.

CHO.—Don't you hear the angels sing-
 ing?
 Hallelujah, hallelujah;
 Don't you hear the angels singing?
 Glory be to God on high!

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel the need of him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.

63 A Sinner Like Me.
 Music No. 111 in "Precious Hymns."
 I WAS once far away from the
 Saviour,
 And as vile as a sinner could be,
 I wondered if Christ, the Redeemer,
 Could save a poor sinner like me.

2 I wandered on in the darkness,
 Not a ray of light could I see,
 And the thought filled my heart
 with sadness,
 There's no hope for a sinner like
 me.

3 And then, in that dark, lonely hour,
 A voice sweetly whispered to me,
 Saying, Christ, the Redeemer, hath
 power
 To save a poor sinner like me.

4 I listened, and lo! 'twas the Saviour
 That was speaking so kindly to
 me;
 I cried, I'm the chief of sinners,
 Thou canst save a poor sinner like
 me.

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
 And oh, what a joy came to me;
 My heart was filled with his praises
 For saving a sinner like me.

6 And when life's journey is over,
 And I the dear Saviour shall see,
 I'll praise him forever and ever,
 For saving a sinner like me.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

64 Wondrous Love.

Tune in "Goodly Pearls," p. 59.

GOD loved the world of sinners lost,
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.

CHO.—Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love!

The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.

2 E'n now by faith I claim him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by his death I find,
And cleansing through his blood.

3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to his saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.

65 Jesus Saves Me.

PRECIOUS Saviour, thou hast saved me:

Thine and only thine I am;
Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

CHO.—Glory, glory, Jesus saves me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me,
Glory, glory, to the Lamb!

2 Long my yearning heart was trying
To enjoy this perfect rest;
But I gave all trying over;
Simply trusting, I was blest.

3 Trusting, trusting every moment;
Feeling now the blood applied;
Lying at the cleansing fountain;
Dwelling in my Saviour's side.

4 Consecrated to thy service,
I will live and die to thee;
I will witness to thy glory
Of salvation full and free.

LOUISE M. ROUSE.

66 Yes, I Will Rejoice.

From "Songs of Redeeming Love."
Tune, p. 30.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us "The Lord will provide."

CHO.—||:Yes, I will rejoice, rejoice the Lord;||

Will joy in the God of my salvation

2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed,
From them let us learn to trust in our bread;
His saints what is fitting shall not be denied,
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, though he has tried,
The heart-cheering promise, "The Lord will provide."

4 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek we need shall obtain;
But when such suggestions of graces have tried,
This answers all questions, "The Lord will provide."

67 Lights Along the Shore.

I'm a pilgrim and a stranger passing over,
The road may be rough, but clear,

And a starry crown awaits me on the river,
And Jesus bids me welcome there.

CHO.—There are lights along shore that never grow dim,
That never, never grow dim;
These souls are all aflame
With the love of Jesus' name,
They guide us, yes, they guide us unto him.

2 Sometimes I meet with trials on journey,
Temptation and sorrow by way;
But Jesus speaks, and says, "Ever near thee,
To guide to realms of endless day."

3 Friends of Jesus! may your light be trimmed and burning,
And shining along the way of love;
Soon you'll gain the heights of glory, and be singing
The happy song of saints above.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON

8 There's a Shout.
 Music No. 66 in "Precious Hymns."
 THERE'S a shout in the camp, for
 the Lord is here,
 Hallelujah! praise his name;
 To the feast of his love we again
 draw near,
 Praise, oh, praise his name.

CHO.—Room for the millions! room
 for all!
 Hallelujah! praise his name;
 Come to the banquet, great and
 small,
 Praise, oh, praise his name.

There's a shout in the camp, like
 the shout of old,
 Hallelujah, praise his name;
 For the cloud of his glory we now
 behold,
 Praise, oh, praise his name.

There's a shout in the ranks of the
 King of kings,
 Hallelujah, praise his name;
 While we drink at the Rock from
 the living springs,
 Praise, oh, praise his name.

9 Standing on the Promises.

Music No. 120 in "Precious Hymns."
 STANDING on the promises of Christ
 my King,
 Through eternal ages let his praises
 ring;
 Glory in the Highest, I will shout
 and sing,
 Standing on the promises of God.

CHO.—Standing, standing,
 Standing on the promises of God,
 my Saviour;
 Standing, standing,
 I'm standing on the promises of
 God.

2 Standing on the promises that can-
 not fail,
 When the howling storms of doubt
 and fear assail,
 By the living Word of God I shall
 prevail,
 Standing on the promises of God.

3 Standing on the promises, I now can
 see
 Perfect, present cleansing in the
 blood for me;
 Standing in the liberty, where
 Christ makes free,
 Standing on the promises of God.

70 Go, Seek Until Ye Find.
 Music No. 237 in "The Temple Trio."
 ALAS! alas! a wayward sheep
 Had wandered from the fold,
 Far o'er the mountains rough and
 steep,
 Where howling tempests rolled;
 The Shepherd, with a burdened
 mind,
 Went forth the missing one to find,
 The missing one, far, far away,
 The missing one to find.

CHO.—Go, seek until ye find,
 Go, seek until ye find;
 The missing one must not be lost—
 Go, seek until ye find.

2 He sought, with many a footstep
 sore,
 From early morn till night;
 Through rocky wastes, where tor-
 rents roar,—
 All pathways but the right;
 Then cried, with sad and burdened
 mind,
 The missing I have failed to find,
 The missing one, far, far away,
 Alas! I've failed to find.

71 Coming By and By.
 Tune in "The Wells of Salvation," p. 168.
 A BETTER day is coming,
 A morning bright and fair;
 If we live right, both day and night,
 We'll have a home up there;
 God's only Son will listen
 To every creature's sigh,
 Have mercy here and everywhere,
 And take us by and by.

CHO.—Coming by and by, coming by
 and by,
 A better day is coming, the time is
 drawing nigh,
 Coming by and by, coming by and
 by,
 Our days are few, we'll soon pass
 through,
 'Tis coming by and by.

2 A better day is coming,
 We cannot say how long,
 'Twill glory be when we shall see
 The host around the throne,
 Then free from want and sorrow,
 Our tears will all be dry,
 We'll sing and shine, 'mid light
 divine,
 In glory by and by.

72 All Hail the Power.

- ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall!
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

73 Memories of Galilee.

- Music No. 75 in "The Quartet."
- EACH cooing dove and sighing
 bough,
 That makes the eve so blest to me,
 Has something far diviner now,
 It bears me back to Galilee.
- CHO.—O Galilee! sweet Galilee!
 Where Jesus loved so much to be;
 O Galilee! blue Galilee!
 Come, sing thy song again to me!
- 2 Each flowery glen and mossy dell,
 Where happy birds in song agree,
 Through sunny morn the praises tell
 Of sights and sounds in Galilee.
- 3 And when I read the thrilling lore
 Of him who walked upon the sea,
 I long, oh, how I long once more
 To follow him in Galilee.

74 Who is He?

- WHO is he in yonder stall,
 At whose feet the shepherds fall?
- CHO.—'Tis the Lord, oh, wondrous
 story,
 'Tis the Lord, the King of glory,
 At whose feet the shepherds fall,
 Crown him, crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Who is he that stands and weeps
 At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?
- 3 Who is he that on the cross
 Bled for me and bled for all?
- 4 Who is he that from the grave
 Comes to heal, and help, and save?

75 Where is your Soul?

- Tune, "Where is My Wandering Soul
 To-night?" 8.
- WHERE is your soul, poor sinner,
 now,
 Your soul for which Jesus died, me,
 Your soul that is all with grief, with
 defiled,
 Your soul that has God defied, the
- CHO.—||: Oh, come to the Saviour, the
 now! ||: ie,
- With outstretched hands,
 See the Saviour, he stands;
 Oh, come to the Saviour now.
- 2 Come to the Saviour while it is day and
 The night it comes on apace,
 To-day you may come; oh, sinner's
 just now,
 For now is the day of grace.
- 3 Come to the Saviour, the bloodⁿ,
 shed;
 He finished the work for thee, are
 Come now, and just cast your
 on him,
 Who died on the cursed tree.
- 4 Where are you wandering to, shall
 soul?
 To darkness and black despair, ie,
 Where sinners forever dwell,
 Be sure there's no mercy there

76 Do you Triumph?

- Do you triumph, oh my brother, ved
 Over all this world of sin?
 In each storm of tribulation as a
 Does your Jesus reign within
- CHO.—I am reigning, sweetly reigni^s so
 Far above this world of strife, the
 In my blessed, loving Saviour,
 I am reigning in this life.
- 2 One we hail as King Immortal,
 He did earth and hell subdue; the
 And bequeathing us his glory,
 We are kings anointed too. omed
- 3 Shall we, then, by sin be humble that
 Must we yield to any foe?
 No, by heaven's "gift" we're reig^{at} that
 Over all this world below. [i
- 4 Oh, what grace and high promoti^d
 That in Jesus I should be are
 Raised from sin to royal honor,
 Even reigning, Lord, with thee din
- 5 All this life is blissful sunshine, won-
 Earth is subject at our feet;
 Heaven pours its richest blessing sing-
 Round our throne of love comple BEST.

- 77 **Take Me as I Am.**
 8! Music No. 75 in "Precious Hymns."
 JUST as I am, without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come.
 Cho.—Take me as I am, take me as I am.
 C Oh, bring thy free salvation nigh,
 And take me as I am.
 Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come.
 Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within, and fears without,
 O Lamb of God, I come.
 Just as I am thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

- 8 **Is My Name Written There?**
 Music No. 18 in "Precious Hymns."
 LORD, I care not for riches,
 Neither silver nor gold;
 I would make sure of heaven,
 I would enter the fold:
 In the book of thy kingdom,
 With its pages so fair,
 Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,
 Is my name written there?
 Cho.—Is my name written there,
 On the page white and fair?
 In the book of thy kingdom,
 Is my name written there?

- Lord, my sins they are many,
 Like the sands of the sea;
 But thy blood, O my Saviour,
 Is sufficient for me;
 For thy promise is written
 In bright letters that glow,
 Though your sins be as scarlet,
 I will make them like snow."
 Oh! that beautiful city,
 With its mansions of light,
 With its glorified beings,
 In pure garments of white;
 Where no evil thing cometh
 To despoil what is fair,
 Where the angels are watching,—
 Is my name written there?

M. A. K.

- 79 **Glory! Glory!**
 Tune, "Around the Throne of God."
 How pleasant thus to sing and praise,
 In fellowship of love;
 Then let us walk in wisdom's ways,
 And reign with him above.
 Cho.—Singing glory! glory!
 Glory be to God on High!
 2 How sweet 'twill be when we are there,
 Away from grief and pain
 Where all is peace, and joy, and love,
 To never part again.
 3 How pleasant 'tis to walk the ways
 The truth and life proclaim;
 O hear the sound these voices raise,—
 Salvation through his name!
 4 O haste away, the time is nigh,
 Have all your sins forgiven,
 The angel's coming from the sky
 To take us home to heav'n.

- 80 **My Home is There.**
 ABOVE the waves of earthly strife,
 Above the ills and cares of life,
 Where all is peaceful, bright and fair,
 My home is there, my home is there.
 Cho.—My beautiful home,
 In the land where the glorified ever
 shall roam,
 Where angels bright wear crowns
 of light,
 My home is there, my home is there.
 2 Where living fountains sweetly
 flow,
 Where buds and flowers immortal
 grow,
 Where trees their fruits celestial
 bear,
 My home is there, my home is there.
 3 Away from sorrow, doubt and pain,
 Away from worldly loss and gain,
 From all temptation, tears and care,
 My home is there, my home is there.
 4 Beyond the bright and pearly gate,
 Where Jesus, loving Saviour, waits,
 Where all is peaceful, bright and fair,
 My home is there, my home is there.

81 Gathering Home.

Music No. 162 in "Precious Hymns."

Up to the bountiful giver of life,—
Gathering home! gathering home!
Up to the dwelling where cometh no
strife,
The dear ones are gathering home.

CHO.—Gathering home! gathering
home!
Never to sorrow more, never to
roam;
Gathering home! gathering home!
God's children are gathering home.

2 Up to the city where falleth no
night,—
Gathering home! gathering home!
Up where the Saviour's own face is
the light,
The dear ones are gathering home.

3 Up to the beautiful mansions
above,—
Gathering home! gathering home!
Safe in the arms of his infinite love,
The dear ones are gathering home.
MARIANA B. SLADE.

82 Home of the Soul.

I WILL sing you a song of a beauti-
ful land,
The far-away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the
glittering strand
While the years of eternity roll.

2 Oh, that home of the soul, in my
visions and dreams
Its bright jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the vail in-
tervenes
Between that fair city and me.

3 That unchangeable home is for you
and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever
is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his
hands.

4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that
beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips, and with
harps in our hands,
To meet one another again!

83 The Bleeding Lamb.

From "The Quiver." Tune, p. 10

My Saviour suffered on the tree,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb; [
Oh, come and view the Lord v
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

CHO.—The Lamb! the Lamb!
bleeding Lamb!
I love the sound of Jesus' nan
It sets my spirit all aflame,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

2 He bore my sins, and curse,
shame,
And I am saved through Je
name,

3 I know my sins are all forgive
And I am on my way to heaven

4 And when the storms of life
I'll sing upon a happier shore.
o'er.

5 And this my ceaseless song
be,—
That Jesus tasted death for n

84 The New Song.

Music No. 8 in "Precious Hymn

THERE are songs of joy that I lo
to sing,
When my heart was as blithe
bird in spring!
But the song I have learned
full of cheer
That the dawn shines out in
darkness drear.

CHO.—O the new, new song! O
new, new song!
I can sing it now with the rans
throng:
Power and dominion to him
shall reign,
Glory and praise to the Lamb
was slain.

2 There are strains of home that
dear as life,
And I list to them oft 'mid th
of strife;
But I know of a home that is
drous fair,
And I sing the psalm they are
ing there.

FLORA L.

85

The Blood's Applied.

Music No. 52 in "Songs of Perfect Love."

THE blood's applied! my soul is free,
I'm saved, without, within;
The blood of Jesus cleanseth me
From every trace of sin.

CHO.—The blood's applied, I'm justified,
It pardons every sin;
The blood's applied, I'm sanctified,
It makes me pure within.

2 I've bid farewell to every fear,
By faith I claim the prize;
Now I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies.

3 Temptations come, and trials, too;
While hellish darts are hurled;
But Jesus saves me through and through,
In spite of all the world.

4 Let cares and storms and trials fall
About me thick and fast,
My Jesus, he is Lord of all,
Will bring me home at last.

5 Then will my happy, happy soul
Sing of his love and rest,
While shouts of victory shall roll
From every conquering breast.

86

Sunshine in the Soul.

Music No. 146 in "Precious Hymns."

THERE'S sunshine in my soul to-day,
More glorious and bright
Than glows in any earthly sky,
For Jesus is my light.

REF.—Oh, there's sunshine, blessed sunshine,
When the peaceful, happy moments roll;
When Jesus shows his smiling face
There is sunshine in the soul.

2 There's music in my soul to-day,
A carol to my King,
And Jesus, listening, can hear
The songs I cannot sing.

3 There's springtime in my soul to-day,
For when the Lord is near, [day,
The dove of peace sings in my heart,
The flowers of grace appear.

4 There's gladness in my soul to-day,
And hope, and praise, and love,
For blessing which he gives me now,
For joys "laid up" above.

87

Entire Consecration.

Music No. 94 in "Precious Hymns"

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.

2 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee;
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

3 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages for thee;
Take my silver and my gold,—
Not a mite would I withhold.

4 Take my moments, and my days,
Let them flow in endless praise;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart,—it is thine own,—
It shall be thy royal throne.

88

Hallelujah, Amen!

ONE day, as I was walking
Along the lonesome road,
My heart was filled with rapture,—
I heard the voice of God.

CHO.—Hallelujah, amen! hallelujah,
amen!
Hallelujah, amen! amen! amen!

2 He chose me for his watchman
To stand on Zion's wall,
Saying, Go and preach my Gospel,
Glad tidings unto all.

3 The cross is great and heavy,
And I am in my youth;
I'm 'fraid I am not able
To preach the Word of Truth.

4 Says Jesus, "Lo! I'm with you,"
In every trying hour;
And though you are deficient,
I am the God of power.

5 I took the Gospel trumpet,
And I began to blow;
And if my Lord will help me,
I'll preach where'er I go.

6 And when my mission's ended,
I'll blow the trump no more;
I'll join my fellow-watchmen
On Canaan's happy shore.

89 Jesus is Good to Me.

Music No. 107 in "Precious Hymns."

I LOVE my Saviour, his heart is good,
He has loved me o'er and o'er;
He sought me when wand'ring, I'm
saved by his blood,
And I love him more and more.

CHO.—||:Jesus is good to me;:||
So good! so good!
Jesus is good to my soul.

2 He calls, I rise, he maketh me
whole,—
How fond his tender embrace!
He cleanses, keeps, and blesses my
soul,—
My day the smile of his face.

3 I want to love him with all my heart,
Though all its powers are small;
I will not keep him from any part.
For he is worthy of all.

4 He's good to me in my sorrow's
night,
He's good in the tempest's roll;
He bringeth from darkness into
light,—
With joy he filleth my soul.

90 We Are More Than Conquerors.

Music No. 191 in "The Quartet."

WHAT shall separate us
From the love that bought us?
Shall the pangs of anguish
Which the cross has wrought us?
Doubtings and distresses,
Fiery trials prove us;
Yet am I persuaded
None of these shall move us.

CHO.—We are more than conquerors,
More, yea, more:!!
||:We are more than conquerors,:||
Through him that loved us.

2 Things to come or present,
Whatsoe'er betide us,—
Life nor death shall ever
From our Lord divide us.
Angels, powers, dominions,
These shall fall before us;
Clothed in his salvation,
With his banner o'er us.

91 None Like Jesus.

Music No. 6 in "Glad Hallelujah."

WE love to tell of him who came
Our gentle guide to be
Though earthly friends around us
There's none so dear as he. [cling

CHO.—None like Jesus, Hallelujah,
None so dear as he;
Though earthly friends around us
cling,
There's none so dear as he.

2 We love to seek his promised grace,
And ask his tender care;
We love to hear his precious name,
And breathe that name in prayer.

3 We love to know that day by day
We do not walk alone,
If one in him our faith can feel
His hand within our own.

4 O, may he lead us safely on
Till days and years are past;
Then take our happy souls on high
To dwell with him at last.

92 I'm Happy, so Happy.

Music No. 30 in "Sunlit Songs."

I'm happy, so happy! no words can
express
The joy and the comfort I see,
For Jesus hath purchased, thro' in-
finite grace,
A perfect salvation for me.

CHO.—Saved, saved, oh, glory to God!
I feel the assurance divine;
Saved, saved, oh, glory to God!
His spirit bears witness with
mine.

2 I'm happy, so happy! while trusting
in him,
Whose presence o'ershadows my
way:
Who leadeth my soul by the river
of peace,
And giveth me strength as my
day.

3 My love may be tested, my faith
may be tried
The depth of its fervor to prove,
But welcome each trial, my Saviour
designs
The gold from the dross to re-
move,

93 The Blood Washed Pilgrim.

Muslc No. 152 in "Songs of Perfect Love."

I SAW a blood-washed pilgrim,
A sinner saved by grace,
Upon the King's great highway,
With peaceful, shining face.
Temptations sore beset him,
But nothing could affright;
He said, "The yoke is easy,
The burden, it is light."

CHO.—Oh, palms of victory, crowns
of glory,
Palms of victory I shall wear.

2 His helmet was salvation,
A simple faith his shield,
And righteousness his breast-plate;
The Spirit's sword he'd wield.
All fiery darts arrested
And quenched their blazing flight;
He cried, "The yoke is easy,
The burden, it is light."

3 I saw him in the furnace,
He doubted not, nor feared,
And in the flames beside him
The Son of God appeared.
Though seven times 'twas heated
With all the tempter's might,
He said "The yoke is easy,
The burden, it is light."

4 'Mid storms, and clouds, and trials,
In prison, at the stake,
He leaped for joy, rejoicing,
'Twas all for Jesus' sake.
That God should count him worthy,
Was such supreme delight.
He cried, "The yoke is easy,
The burden is so light."

5 I saw him overcoming
Through all the swelling strife,
Until he crossed the threshold
Of God's Eternal Life.
The Crown, the Throne, the Sceptre,
The Name, the Stone so White,
Were his, who found, in Jesus,
The yoke and burden light.

94 Keep Close to Jesus.

Muslc No. 271 in "Unfading Treasures."

WHEN you start for the land of
heavenly rest,
Keep close to Jesus all the way;
For he is the Guide, and he knows
the way best,
Keep close to Jesus all the way.

CHO.—[: Keep close to Jesus, :|
Keep close to Jesus all the way;

By day or by night, never turn from
the right,
Keep close to Jesus all the way.

2 Never mind the storms or trials as
you go,
Keep close to Jesus all the way;
'Tis a comfort and joy his favor to
know;
Keep close to Jesus all the way.

3 To be safe from the darts of the
evil one,
Keep close to Jesus all the way;
Take the shield of faith till the vic-
tory is won;
Keep close to Jesus all the way.

4 We shall reach our home in heaven
by and bye;
Keep close to Jesus all the way;
Where to those we love we'll never
say good-bye.
Keep close to Jesus all the way.
JOHN LANE.

95 Jesus Comes.

Muslc No. 95 in "The Quartet."

WATCH, ye saints, with eyelids
waking,
Lo, the pow'rs of heav'n are
shaking,
Keep your lamps all trimm'd and
burning,
Ready for your Lord's returning.

CHO.—Lo! he comes, lo! Jesus comes;
Lo! he comes, he comes all glorions!
Jesus comes to reign victorious,
Lo! he comes, yes, Jesus comes.

2 Lo! the promise of your Saviour,
Pardoned sin and purchased favor,
Blood-washed robes and crowns of
glory;
Haste to tell redemption's story.

3 Kingdoms at their base are crum-
bling,
Hark, his chariot wheels are rum-
bling,
Tell, oh, tell of grace abounding.
Whilst the seventh trump is sound-
ing.

4 Nations wane, though proud and
stately,
Christ his kingdom hasteneth
greatly,
Earth her latest pangs is summing,
Shout, ye saints, your Lord is com-
ing.

97 **Shall I Turn Back?** (*Copyright.*)

1 LOST, lost on the mountains of sin
and despair,
Till Jesus in love sought and res-
cued me there,
He saved me from wand'ring, he
gave me release,
And led me to pathways of blessing
and peace.

CHO.—And shall I turn back into the
world?

Oh, no! not I! not I!

And shall I turn back into the
world?

No, no, not I!

2 My days, swiftly passing, have
brought from above
So many bright tokens of mercy
and love;

"More grace" he has given, and
burdens removed,
Yes, over and over, his goodness
I've proved.

3 How well I remember, in sorrow's
dark night,
The lamp of his word shed its beau-
tiful light,
And sweet was the voice of the
Comforter then,
Awaking new praises again and
again.

4 Before me the tow'rs of Jerusalem
rise,
Each day I am nearing my home in
the skies;
My Savior a mansion of joy will
prepare,
And loved ones are waiting to wel-
come me there.

—E. E. Hewitt.

98 **Fill Me Now.** (*Copyright.*)

HOVER o'er me, Holy Spirit;
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with thy hallow'd presence,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHO.—Fill me now, fill me now,
Jesus, come, and fill me now;
Fill me with thy hallow'd presence,—
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell thee how;
But I need thee, greatly need thee,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power, and fill me now.

4 Cleanse and comfort; bless and save
me;

Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow!
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

—Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D.

99 **Beulah Land.** (*Copyright.*)

I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

CHO.—O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah
Land,

As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,—
My heaven, my home for evermore!

2 My Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by his hand,
For this is heaven's border-land.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever-vernal trees,
And flowers, that never-fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-robed throng
Join in the sweet redemption song.
—Edgar Page.

100 **More About Jesus.** (*Copyright.*)

MORE about Jesus would I know,
More of his grace to others show;
More of his saving fullness see,
More of his love who died for me.

CHO.—More, more about Jesus,
More, more about Jesus;
More of his saving fullness see,
More of his love who died for me

2 More about Jesus let me learn.
More of his holy will discern;
Spirit of God, my teacher be,
Showing the things of Christ to me.

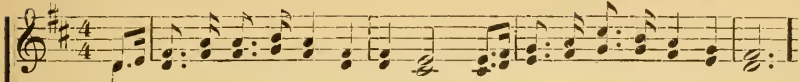
3 More about Jesus; in his word,
Holding communion with my Lord;
Hearing his voice in every line,
Making each faithful saying mine.

4 More about Jesus; on his throne,
Riches in glory all his own;
More of his kingdom's sure increase;
More of his coming, Prince of Peace.
—E. E. Hewitt.

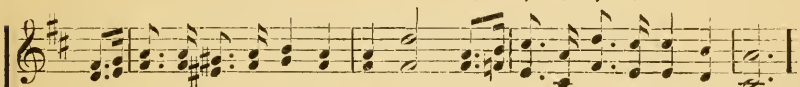
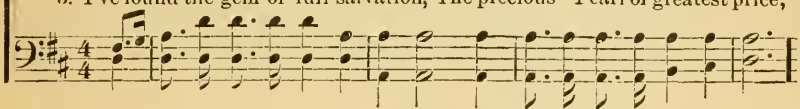
I've Found the Canaan Land. 101

C. H. M.

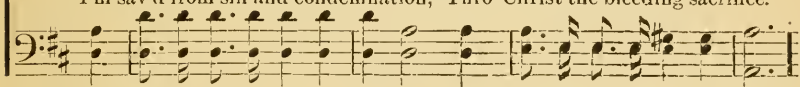
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. I've found the "Canaan land" of promise, With joys akin to those above;
2. I've found the blessed "Rock of Ages," And 'neath its shadow stretching wide,
3. I've found the gem of full salvation, The precious "Pearl of greatest price;"



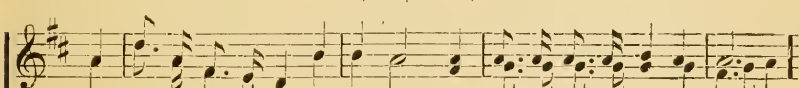
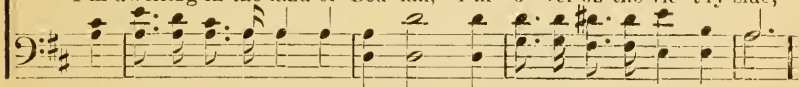
At God's command I've cross'd "clean over" In- to the land of "perfect love,"
Although the tempest 'round me rages, In peace and safety I a - bide.
I'm sav'd from sin and condemnation, Thro' Christ the bleeding sacrifice.



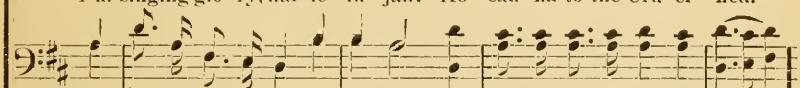
CHORUS.



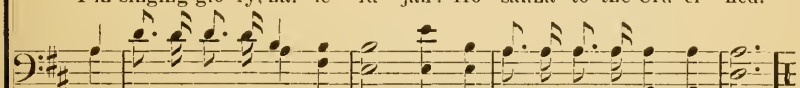
I'm dwelling in the land of Beau-lah, I'm o - ver on the vic-t'ry side;



I'm singing glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah! Ho - san - na to the Cru-ci - fied.



I'm singing glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah! Ho - san - na to the Cru-ci - fied.



Copyright, 1899, by John J. Hood.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>4 I've found the "well of living water," The balm for sin and earthly strife; Within my heart 'tis ever springing Up into everlasting life.</p> | <p>5 I've found a feast of "hidden manna," And strength for every time and place; There's in my heart a glad hosanna To him who saves me by his grace.</p> |
|--|--|

Life's Railway to Heaven.

M. E. ABBEY.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. Life is like a mountain railroad, With an en - gineer that's brave;
 2. You will roll up grades of tri - al; You will cross the bridge of strife;
 3. You will oft - en find obstructions; Look for storms of wind and rain;
 4. As you roll across the tres - tle, Spanning Jordan's swelling tide,

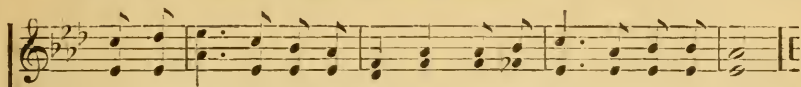
We must make the run success - ful, From the cra - dle to the grave;
 See that Christ is your conduc - tor, On this lightn'g train of life;
 On a fill, or curve, or tres - tle, They will al - most ditch your train;
 You be - hold the U - nion De - pot, In - to which your train will glide;

Watch the curves, the fills, the tunnels; Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er quail;
 Always mind - ful of obstruction, Do your du - ty, nev - er fail;
 Put your trust a - lone in Je - sus; Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er fail;
 There you'll meet the Superintendent, God the Fa - ther, God the Son,

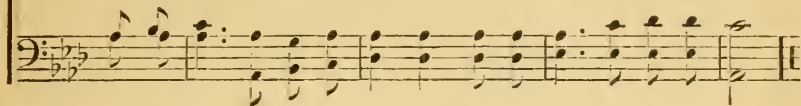
rit.
 Keep your hand up - on the throttle, And your eye up - on the rail.
 Keep your hand up - on the throttle, And your eye up - on the rail.
 Keep your hand up - on the throttle, And your eye up - on the rail.
 With the heart - y, joyous plaudit, "Wea - ry pilgrim, welcome home."

CHORUS.

Blessed Saviour, thou wilt guide us, Till we reach that blissful shore;



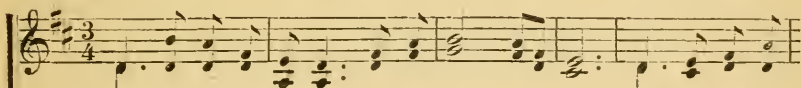
Where the an - gels wait to join us In thy praise for- ev- ermore.



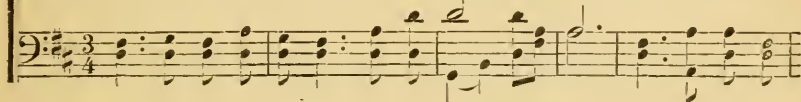
Jesus Brought me Back.

C. J. B.

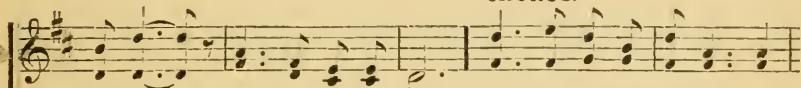
CHAS. J. BUTLER.



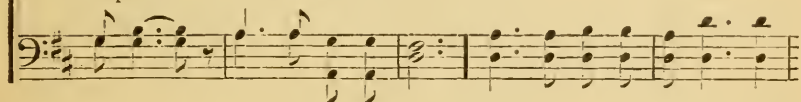
1. Far from Christ I wandered, Sought for rest in vain, Till the loving
2. When I un - to Sa - tan Lent a list'n - ing ear, Soon my feet were
3. Mine was bit - ter anguish While from Christ a - stray, But since me he
4. In the ear of Je - sus Oft I breathe my pray'r, That he'd ev - er



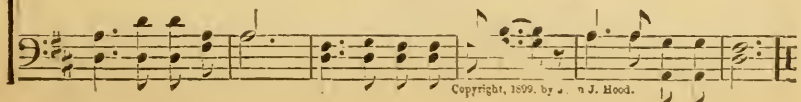
CHORUS.



Shepherd Brought me back again. I'm so glad Christ found me, And
straying In the desert drear.
res - cued Joy - ous is the day.
keep me In his tender care.



brought me to his fold; Oh, how he gave me Nev - er can be told.



Jesus Leads.

"And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him :
for they know his voice."—John x : 4.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Andante.

1. Like a shepherd, tender, true, Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads, . .
2. All a-long life's rugged road Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads, . .
3. Thro' the sun-lit ways of life Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads, . .
Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,

Dai-ly finds us pastures new, Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads; . .
Till we reach yon blest a-bode, Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads; . .
Thro' the war-ings and the strife Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads; . .
Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;

If thick mists . are o'er the way, . . Or the flock . 'mid danger feeds, . .
All the way, . before, he's trod, . And he now . . the flock precedes, . .
When we reach . the Jordan's tide, Where life's bound-'ry-line re- cedes, . .
If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,

He will watch them lest they stray, Je-sus leads, . . Je-sus leads.
Safe in - to the fold of God Je-sus leads, . . Je-sus leads.
He will spread the waves a - side, Je-sus leads, . . Je-sus leads.
Je-sus leads,

Always Abounding.

105

"Always abounding in the work of the Lord."—1 Cor. xv. 58.

E. A. BARNES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. Be earnest, my brothers, in word and in deed, Be active in reaping and
 2. Be ready, my brothers, his call to o-bey, In seeking the erring and
 3. Be zealous, my brothers, the light to extend, And unto all nations the

sow-ing the seed; And thus in the vineyard, with Je-sus to lead, Be
 show-ing the way; And thus as his servants, remem-ber, we pray, Be
 gos-pel to send; And thus, till the harvest in glo-ry shall end, Be

REFRAIN.

always abounding in the work of the Lord. Be always abounding in the

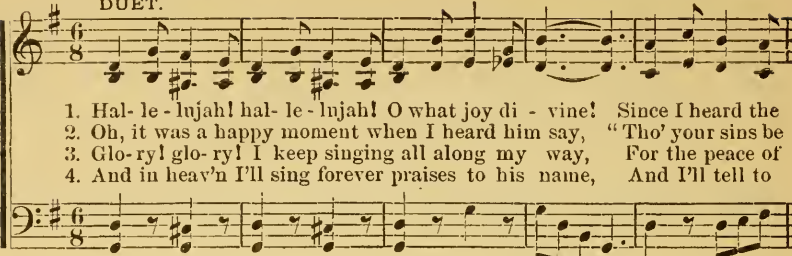
work of the Lord, Be always abounding in the work of the Lord; Be earnest, be

active, re-lying on his word, Be always abounding in the work of the Lord.

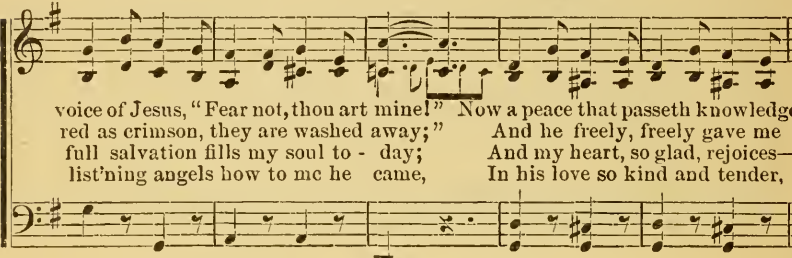
A Sinner Saved.

REV. FRANK E. GRAEFF.
DUET.

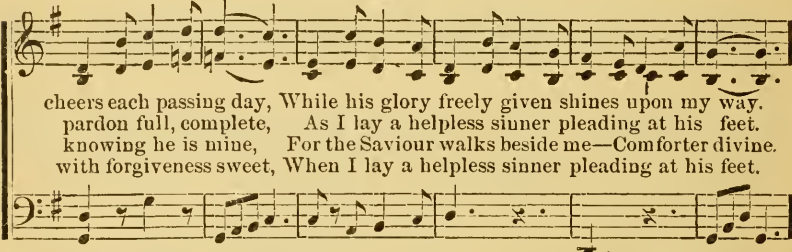
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Hal-le-lujah! hal-le-lujah! O what joy di-vine! Since I heard the
2. Oh, it was a happy moment when I heard him say, "Tho' your sins be
3. Glo-ry! glo-ry! I keep singing all along my way, For the peace of
4. And in heav'n I'll sing forever praises to his name, And I'll tell to

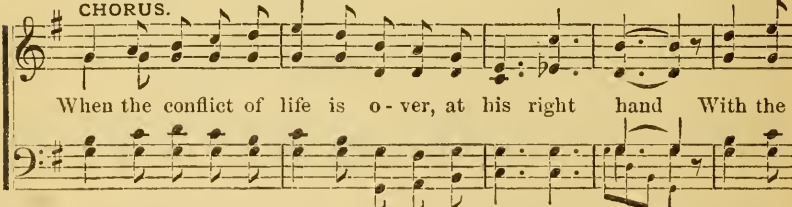


voice of Jesus, "Fear not, thou art mine!" Now a peace that passeth knowledge
red as crimson, they are washed away;" And he freely, freely gave me
full salvation fills my soul to-day; And my heart, so glad, rejoices—
list'n'ng angels bow to me he came, In his love so kind and tender,

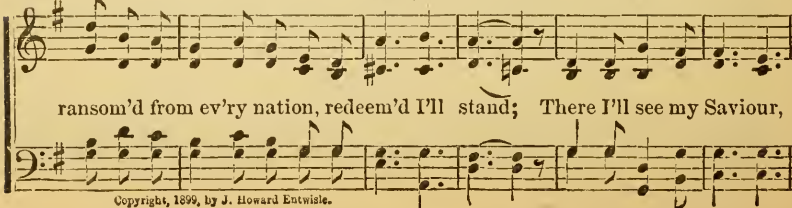


cheers each passing day, While his glory freely given shines upon my way.
pardon full, complete, As I lay a helpless sinner pleading at his feet.
knowing he is mine, For the Saviour walks beside me—Comforter divine.
with forgiveness sweet, When I lay a helpless sinner pleading at his feet.

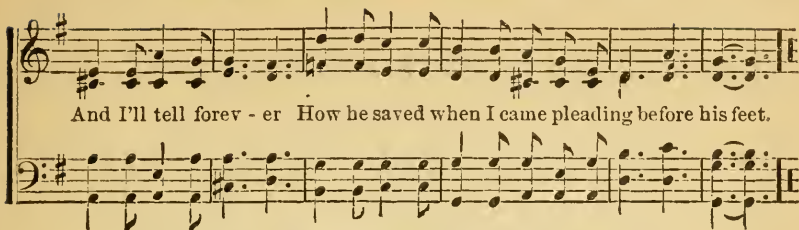
CHORUS.



When the conflict of life is o-ver, at his right hand With the



ransom'd from ev'ry nation, redeem'd I'll stand; There I'll see my Saviour,



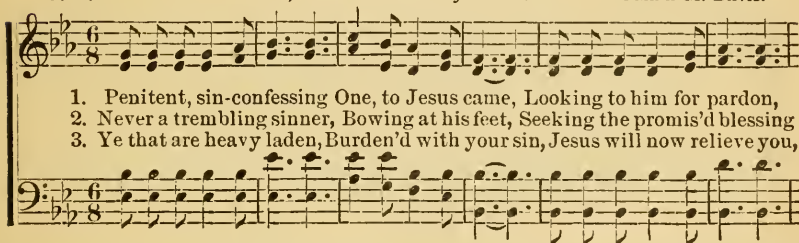
And I'll tell forev - er How he saved when I came pleading before his feet.

Neither Do I Condemn Thee.

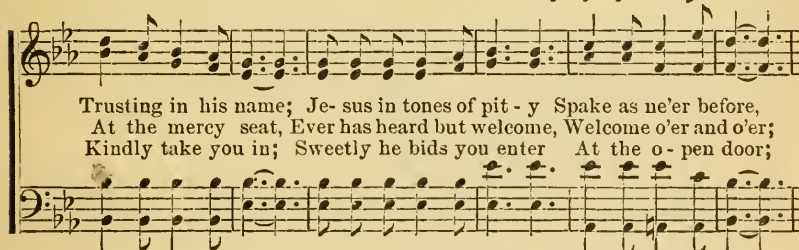
F. M. D.

"Go, and sin no more."—John viii : 11.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

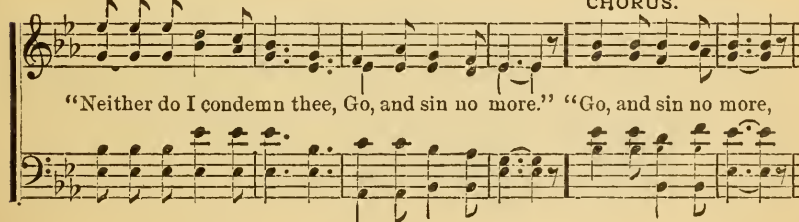


1. Penitent, sin-confessing One, to Jesus came, Looking to him for pardon,
2. Never a trembling sinner, Bowing at his feet, Seeking the promis'd blessing
3. Ye that are heavy laden, Burden'd with your sin, Jesus will now relieve you,

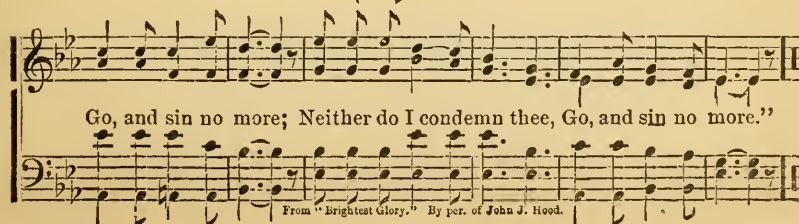


Trusting in his name; Je- sus in tones of pit - y Spake as ne'er before,
At the mercy seat, Ever has heard but welcome, Welcome o'er and o'er;
Kindly take you in; Sweetly he bids you enter At the o - pen door;

CHORUS.



"Neither do I condemn thee, Go, and sin no more." "Go, and sin no more,



Go, and sin no more; Neither do I condemn thee, Go, and sin no more."

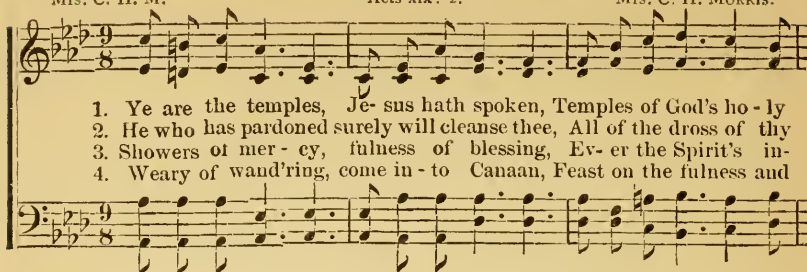
From "Brightest Glory." By per. of John J. Hood.

108 Have ye Received the Holy Ghost?

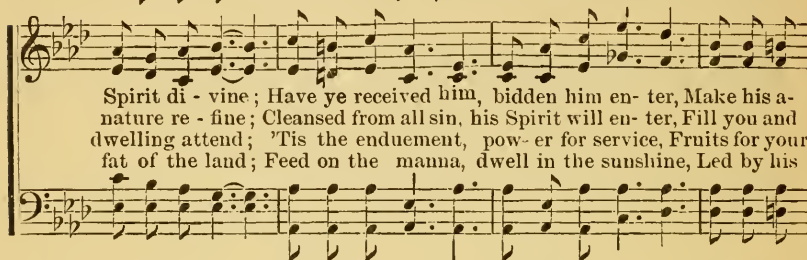
Mrs. C. H. M.

Acts xix: 2.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

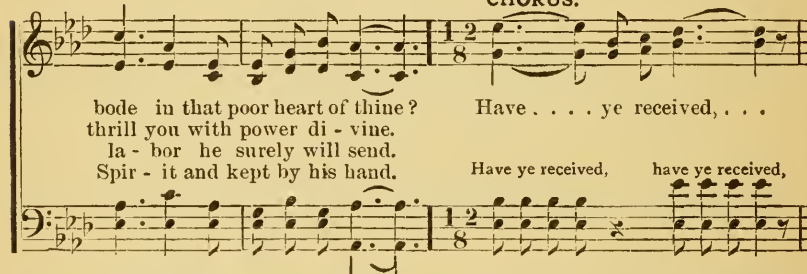


1. Ye are the temples, Je- sus hath spoken, Temples of God's ho- ly
 2. He who has pardoned surely will cleanse thee, All of the dross of thy
 3. Showers of mer- cy, fulness of blessing, Ev- er the Spirit's in-
 4. Weary of wand'ring, come in- to Canaan, Feast on the fulness and

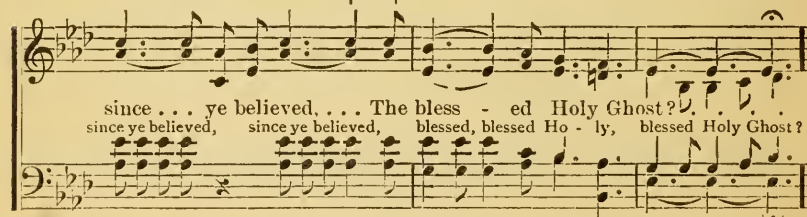


Spirit di- vine; Have ye received him, bidden him en- ter, Make his a-
 nature re- fine; Cleansed from all sin, his Spirit will en- ter, Fill you and
 dwelling attend; 'Tis the enduement, pow- er for service, Fruits for your
 fat of the land; Feed on the manna, dwell in the sunshine, Led by his

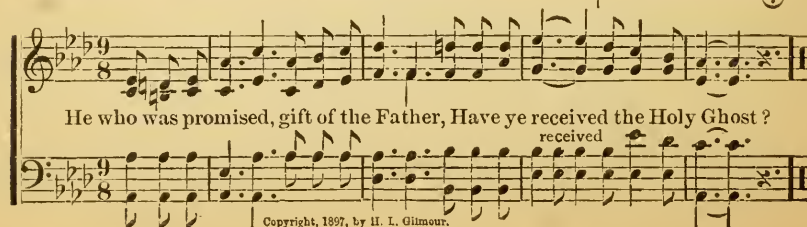
CHORUS.



bode in that poor heart of thine? Have . . . ye received, . . .
 thrill you with power di- vine.
 la- bor he surely will send.
 Spir- it and kept by his hand. Have ye received, have ye received,



since . . . ye believed, . . . The bless- ed Holy Ghost?
 since ye believed, since ye believed, blessed, blessed Ho- ly, blessed Holy Ghost?

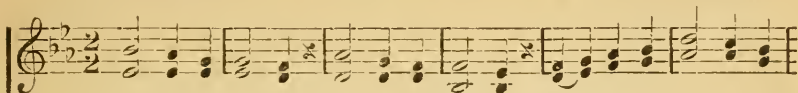


He who was promised, gift of the Father, Have ye received the Holy Ghost?
 received

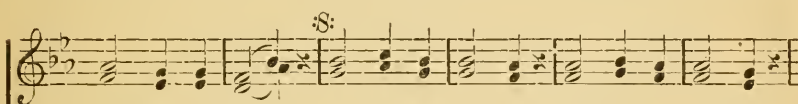
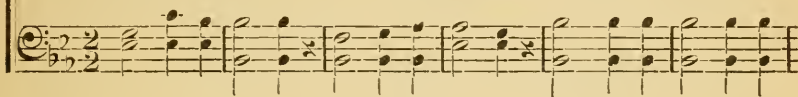
Welcome, Sweet Spirit of Love. 109

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



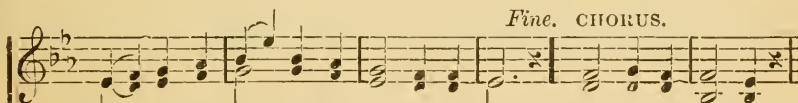
1. Come, Holy Spir- it, thee I am needing, That I be filled with the
2. Come, Holy Spir- it, dwell in me sweetly, Come to my heart all the
3. Come, Holy Spir- it, fill to o'erflowing, Give me an anthem down



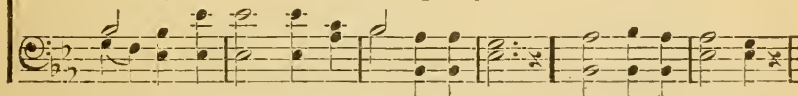
life - giving bread; Spir- it of blessing, come while I'm pleading,
dross to consume; Come just this moment, fill me complete - ly,
deep in my heart; If thou shalt ev - er in me be glowing



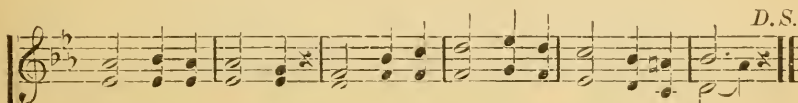
D.S.—Promise of Je - sus, Comfort - er precious,



Come, that my poor hungry soul may be fed. Coming, be - lieving,
All my whole be - ing con- trol and illumine.
I may to oth- ers rich blessings impart.



Thou art most welcome, O Spir- it of love.



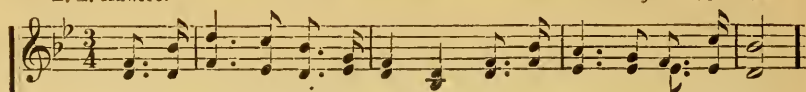
sweetly re - ceiving, Welcome, most welcome, O Spir- it of love;



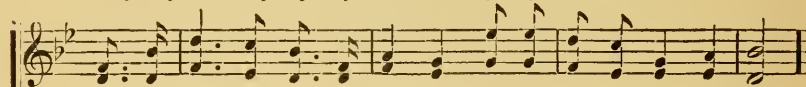
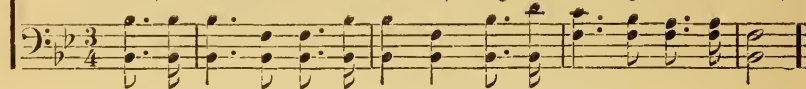
Fill to Overflowing.

E. E. HEWITT.

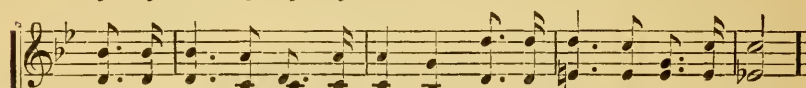
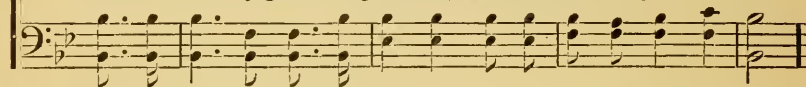
JNO. R. SWENEY.



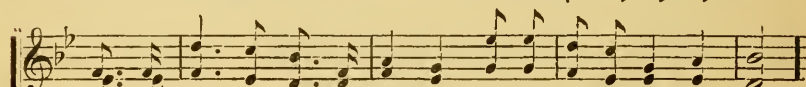
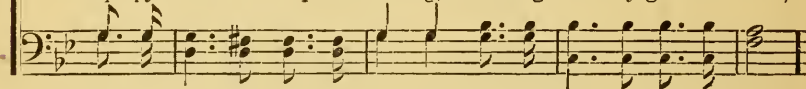
1. O what ev - er - lasting mer - cy Saved me, pardoned, and restored;
2. Make my life henceforth a channel, Where thy love shall have its way,
3. Free, exhaustless is the fountain, Help me free - ly to be - lieve,



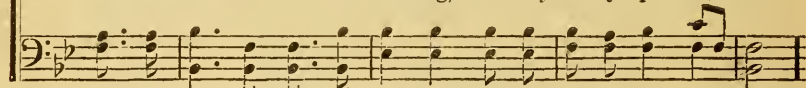
Fill me now to o - ver - flowing, With thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord.
 Bless'd, that I may be a blessing, Use me, Saviour, ev - 'ry day.
 Riv - ers of thy grace are promised, More and more may I re - ceive.



Give me of the liv - ing wa - ter, Till my soul is sat - is - fied;
 Clos - er, clos - er to the fountain, Hold my heart, my soul, my will;
 Hap - py thirst that keeps me coming, Pleading still thy gracious word;



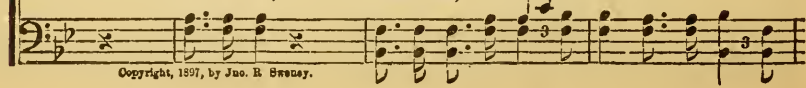
From the wells of thy sal - va - tion, Be my ev - 'ry need supplied.
 Let the bless - ed heav'nly currents, Richly all my be - ing fill.
 Fill me now to o - ver - flowing, With thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord.



CHORUS.



Fill me now, fill me now, To o - verflow - ing, to o - ver -
 Fill me now, fill me now,



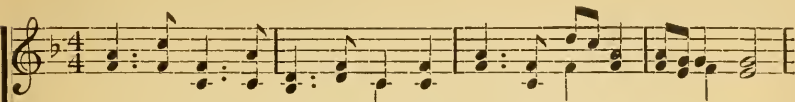
The Pillar of Cloud.

113

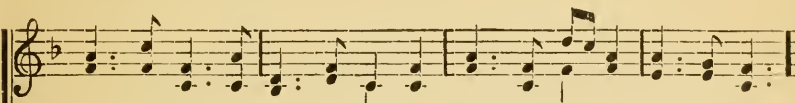
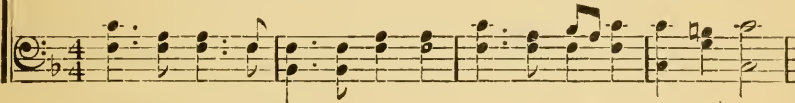
"Yet thou in thy manifold mercies forsookest them not in the wilderness; the pillar of the cloud departed not from them by day, to lead them in the way; neither the pillar of fire by night, to show them light, and the way wherein they should go."—Neh. ix: 19.

F. A. B.

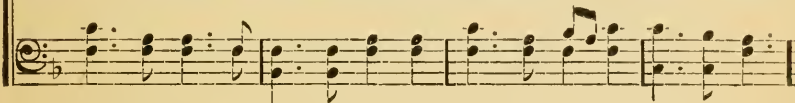
F. A. BLACKMER.



1. On thy journey to the homeland, God is watching o - ver thee;
2. He that watches o - ver Is - rael, Nev - er slumbers, nev - er sleeps;
3. Forward then with courage, Christian, Light shall dawn from heaven's throne;
4. On the mountain, in the val - ley, Ev - 'rywhere shall he sus - tain;



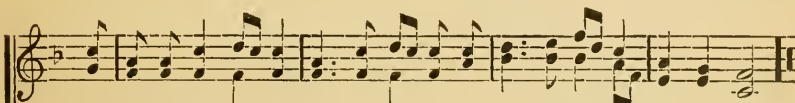
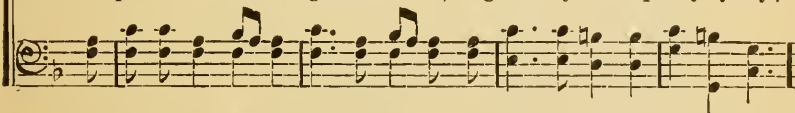
He shall light thy path, O trav'ler, Till thou canst the landmarks see.
And o'er all his faith-ful children Vig - i - lance e - ter - nal keeps.
He who set thee on thy journey Will not let thee walk a - lone.
And when darkness gathers round thee, Bring thee in - to light a - gain.



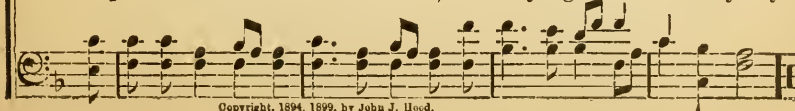
CHORUS.



The pillar of cloud shall go before thee, To guide thy footsteps day by day;



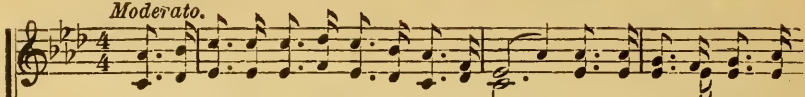
The pillar of fire shall shine before thee, And ev'ry night make clear thy way.



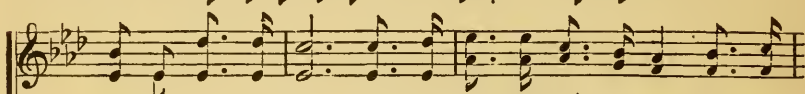
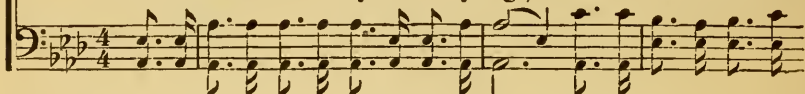
Sunshine as You Go.

JOHN M. BAKER.

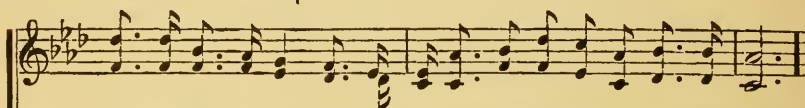
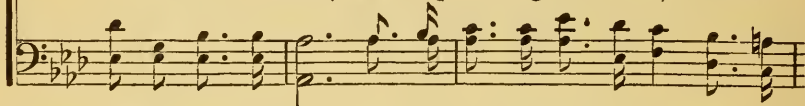
JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

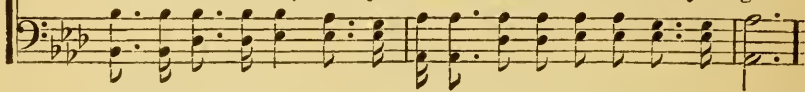
1. Oh, the world has need of sunshine as you go, For we oft-en see the
2. You can la-bor for the Master as you go, Plant the precious seed and
3. You will meet with many trials as you go, There will be some self-de-



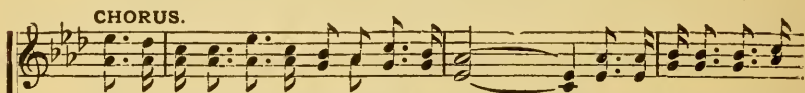
tears of sor-row flow; You can haste that com-ing day, When they'll
 he will bid it grow; Toil-ing on, whate'er betide, With the
 ni-als here be-low; But keep look-ing still above, And re-



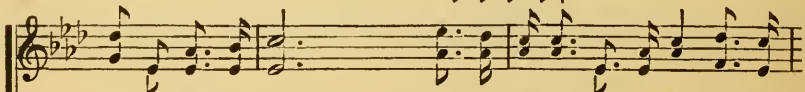
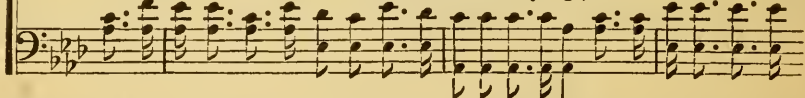
all be wiped away, If you scatter blessed sunshine as you go.
 Saviour by your side, You can scatter blessed sunshine as you go.
 member God is love, While you scatter blessed sunshine as you go.



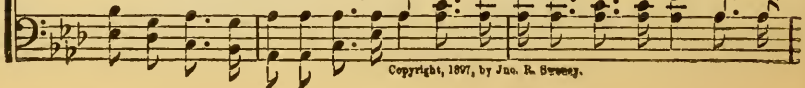
CHORUS.



You can scatter blessed sunshine as you go, You can scatter blessed
 blessed sunshine as you go,



sunshine as you go; Oh, so many hearts are sad, You can
 bless-ed sunshine as you go;

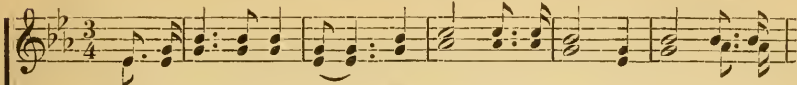


O Sweet Rest.

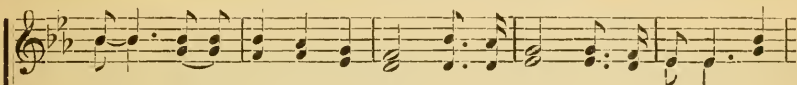
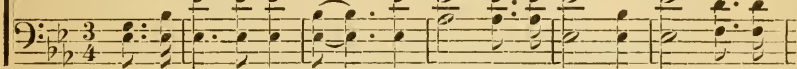
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C. F. O.

Melody furnished by Rev. JONAS TRUMBAUER.



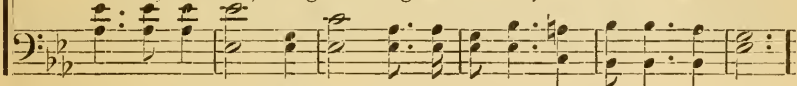
1. For the people of God a rest doth remain, Press on, precious
2. O how long I'd been praying to find this sweet rest, To cease from my
3. Oh, at last I have found it, this blessed, sweet rest, 'Tis Christ in his
4. Now the Saviour is waiting, O what will you give, And what will you



souls, till this rest you ob-tain; 'Tis the rest Je-sus promised, so
la-bor, and lean on his breast; I am wea-ry, dear Je-sus, how
fulness, the Bless-er possessed; And no more wea-ry waiting for
suf-fer this rest to re-ceive? Will you give up for-ev-er, count

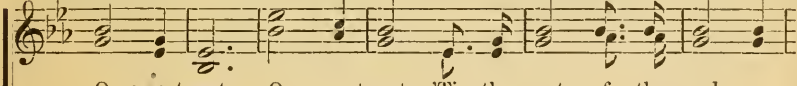


hap-py and blest, The joy of his presence, a perfect, sweet rest.
soon may it be? Low down in the val-ley I'm waiting for thee.
Je-sus to come, For Christ dwelleth in me, my heart is his home.
all things but loss, To gain this great treasure, and die at the cross?

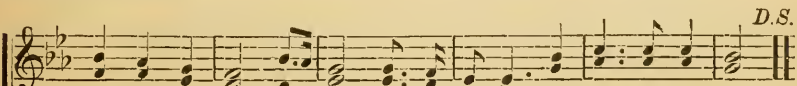
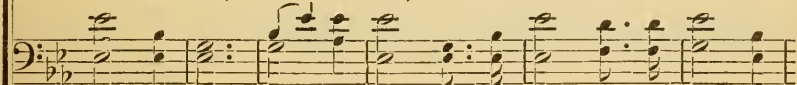


D.S.—My soul from its la-bor has found its sweet rest.

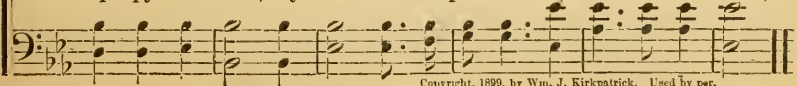
CHORUS.



O sweet rest, O sweet rest, 'Tis the rest of the soul se



hap-py and blest; By faith in his promise I lean on his breast,



On to Victory.

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

March time.

1. Hark! hark, the trumpet sounding, Rise at the break of day,
 2. March-ing like valiant sol-diers, Stead-y our steps and true,
 3. Then shall the path be bright-er, No more by care oppress'd,

On to the front where sin is abounding, Forward, the call o - bey;
 Faith in our Leader, no thought of danger, Fear and alarm, a - dieu;
 Firm in our purpose, true in our motives, Hop-ing for what is best;

Put on the gos-pel ar-mor, Go forth in faith to con-quer,
 On, tho' the world oppress thee, On, tho' the foe dis-tress thee,
 Trusting the King of glo-ry, Tell-ing the old, old sto-ry,

Hear, hear the Captain's words inspiring, On, soldiers, on to the fray.
 Steadfast and firm, keep moving on till Fair Canaan's land stands in view.
 Waiting the Master's call to en-ter In-to the ha-ven of rést.

CHORUS.

Forward, then, with banners waving high, Forward, as we shout the battle-cry,

Onward in the conflict, hop-ing, trusting, On to vic - to - ry!

Be of Good Cheer.

CHARLOTTE ABBEY. "Be of good cheer: It is I; be not afraid,"—Mark vi: 60. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. "Be of good cheer," saith the Saviour, "Tho' all thy brightest hopes fade;
2. "Be of good cheer, tho' the tempter And world are 'gainst thee array'd;
3. "Be of good cheer thro' thy tri - als; On me let burdens be laid;

I will be near to sus-tain thee; It is I, O be not a - fraid."
I will give grace that will conquer; It is I, O be not a - fraid."
Tho' they be heavy, I'll bear them; It is I, O be not a - fraid."

CHORUS.
It is I, it is I, it is I, O be not a - fraid!

"Be of good cheer," saith the Saviour; "It is I, O be not a - fraid!"

Good Morning in Glory.

E. B.

Mrs. ESTELLE BRYANT.

1. We'll say "good morning" in glory, When work of this life is done; We'll
 2. We'll say "good morning" in glory, To ransomed from ev'ry land; We'll
 3. We'll say "good morning" in glory, To those who have conquer'd pain; We'll

say "good morning" in glory, When victory's crown has been won; Af-ter the
 say "good morning" in glory, U-nited at God's right hand; Af-ter the
 say "good morning" in glory, To lowly ones cleansed from stain; Coming—the

night and sorrow, After the cross and care, All shall be peace to-morrow,
 dai-ly dying, Burdens we sought to share, "There shall be no more crying,"
 end of sadness, Coming—the end of care, Coming—e-ternal gladness,

CHORUS.

We'll say "good morning" there. Good morning, good morning,
 Good morning, good morning,

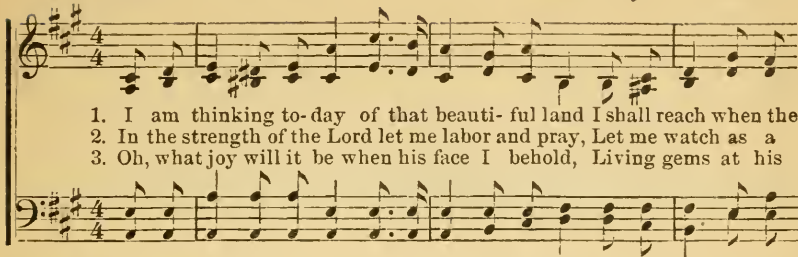
When gather'd around the throne; With Jesus is "home, sweet home."
 good morning; sweet home.

Will there be any Stars?

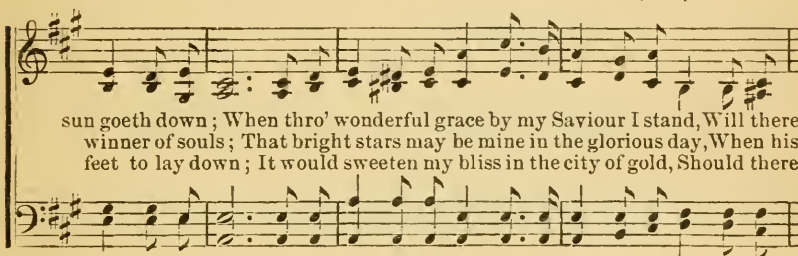
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E. E. HAWTHORNE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

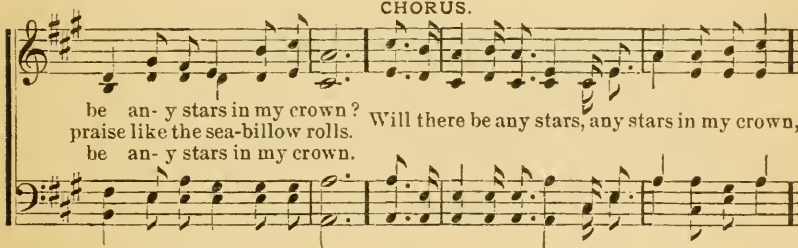


1. I am thinking to-day of that beautiful land I shall reach when the
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me labor and pray, Let me watch as a
 3. Oh, what joy will it be when his face I behold, Living gems at his

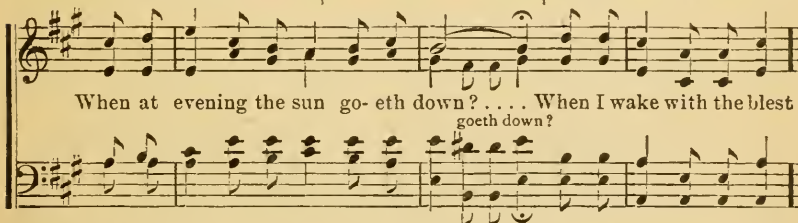


sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Saviour I stand, Will there
 winner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day, When his
 feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the city of gold, Should there

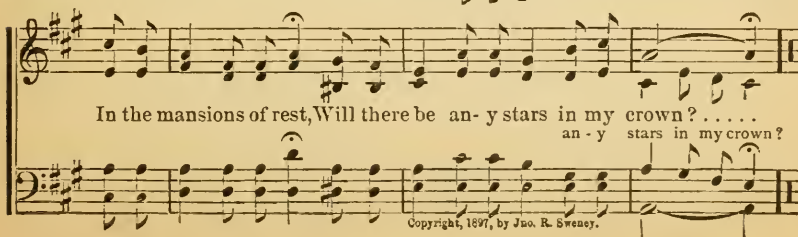
CHORUS.



be an-y stars in my crown? Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown,
 praise like the sea-billow rolls.
 be an-y stars in my crown.



When at evening the sun go-eth down? When I wake with the blest
 goeth down?

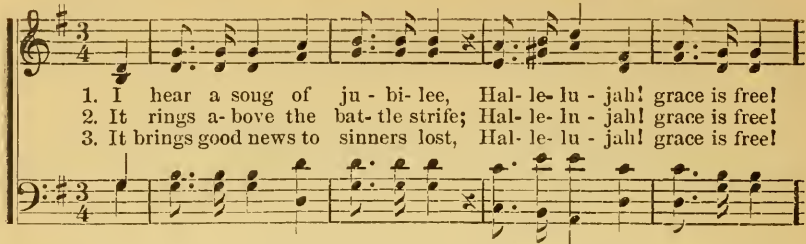


In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
 an-y stars in my crown?

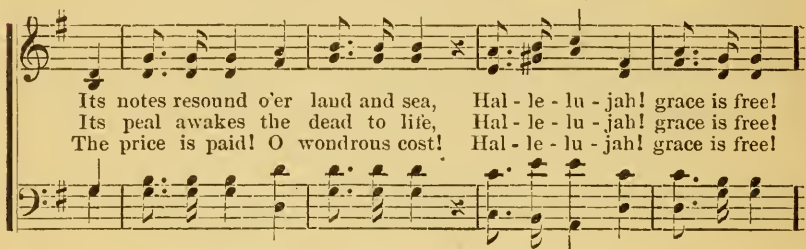
Hallelujah! Grace is Free!

REV. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

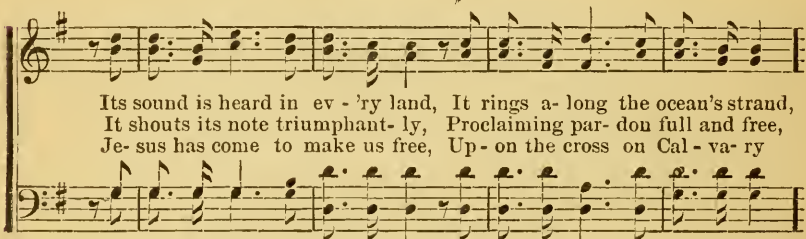
Tune.—"Maryland! My Maryland."



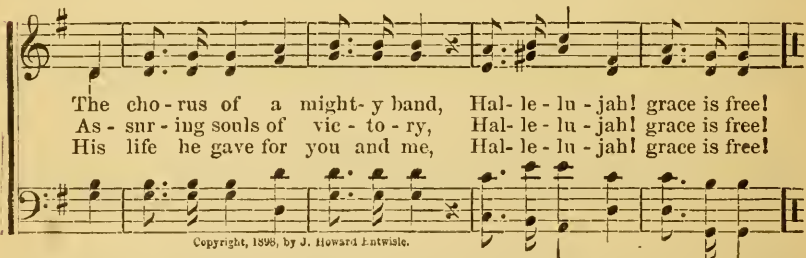
1. I hear a song of ju - bi - lee, Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free!
 2. It rings a - bove the bat - tle strife; Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free!
 3. It brings good news to sinners lost, Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free!



Its notes resound o'er land and sea, Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free!
 Its peal awakes the dead to life, Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free!
 The price is paid! O wondrous cost! Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free!



Its sound is heard in ev - 'ry land, It rings a - long the ocean's strand,
 It shouts its note triumphant - ly, Proclaiming par - don full and free,
 Je - sus has come to make us free, Up - on the cross on Cal - va - ry



The cho - rus of a might - y band, Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free!
 As - snr - ing souls of vic - to - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free!
 His life he gave for you and me, Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free!

Copyright, 1896, by J. Howard Entwistle.

4 It brings a message full of love,
 Hallelujah! grace is free!
 A message from the throne above,
 Hallelujah! grace is free!
 The Spirit now invites you, "come!"
 The Saviour calls, "no longer roam!"
 The Father pleads, "my child, come
 Hallelujah! grace is free! [home!]"

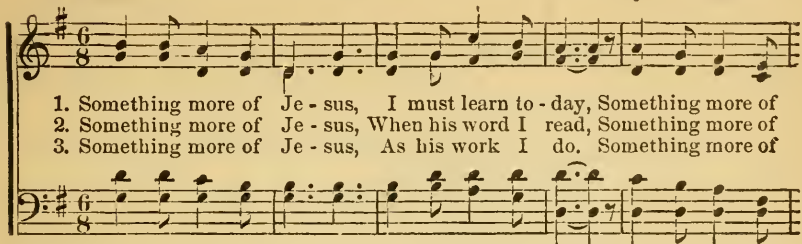
5 The conflict o'er, at God's right hand,
 Hallelujah! grace is free!
 Redeemed from every race and land,
 Hallelujah! grace is free!
 We shall behold him face to face,
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 Who died to save our sinful race,
 Hallelujah! grace is free!

Something More of Jesus.

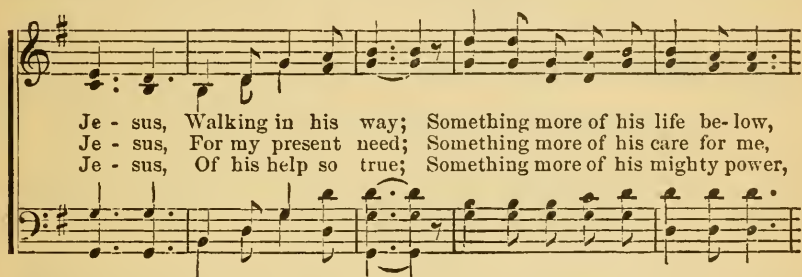
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E. E. HEWITT.

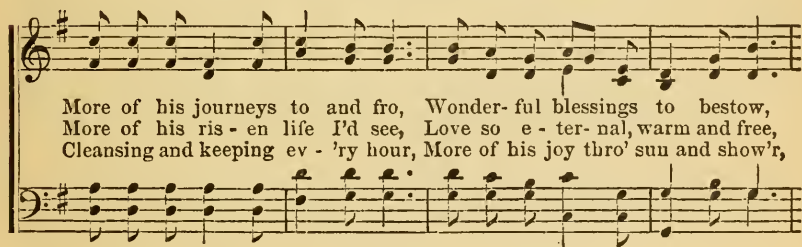
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Something more of Je - sus, I must learn to - day, Something more of
 2. Something more of Je - sus, When his word I read, Something more of
 3. Something more of Je - sus, As his work I do, Something more of

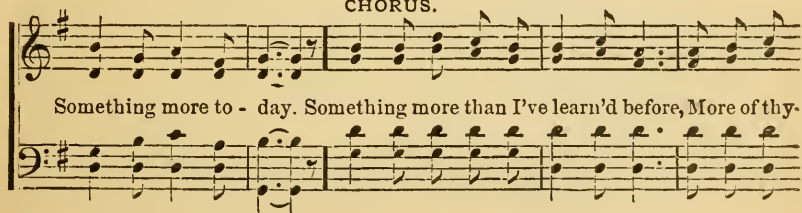


Je - sus, Walking in his way; Something more of his life be - low,
 Je - sus, For my present need; Something more of his care for me,
 Je - sus, Of his help so true; Something more of his mighty power,



More of his journeys to and fro, Wonder - ful blessings to bestow,
 More of his ris - en life I'd see, Love so e - ter - nal, warm and free,
 Cleansing and keeping ev - 'ry hour, More of his joy thro' sun and show'r,

CHORUS.



Something more to - day. Something more than I've learn'd before, More of thy -



self, I pray; More of thy love, blessed Friend above, Something more to-day.

The Friend You Need.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. There is no one like the Saviour, with his love so true, He is
 2. There is no one like the Saviour when the heart is sad, He will
 3. There is no one like the Saviour, for he knows each heart, And his

full of ten-der pit-y as he calls for you; Oh, believe him and re-
 comfort and sustain you, he will make you glad; When life's morrow glooms with
 sym- pathy so read-y will its peace impart; Come be- fore him and a-

ceive him as you hear him plead, For this dear and loving Saviour is the
 sorrow, and your faith grows dim, You can tell the loving Saviour of your
 dore him, make his love your creed, For this dear and loving Saviour is the

CHORUS.

Friend you need. He's the Friend you need all the way, He's the
 need of him.
 Friend you need. all the way,

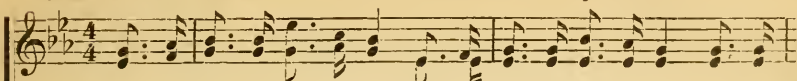
Friend you need ev'ry day; Oh, believe him and receive him as you
 ev-'ry day;

The Glad Home-Gathering.

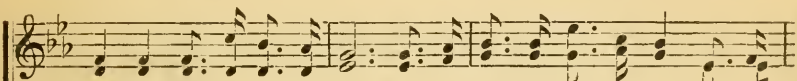
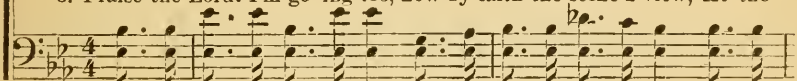
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ADA BLENKHORN.

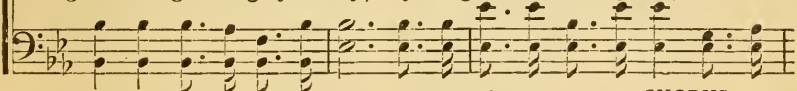
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. By and by I know there'll be, by the shining crystal sea, Such a
2. Friend with friend again will meet, O the welcome will be sweet, At the
3. Christ the Lamb shall be our light, we shall walk with him in white, At the
4. There's an in - vi - ta - tion free, and it comes to you and me, To the
5. Praise the Lord! I'm go - ing too, now by faith the scene I view, At the



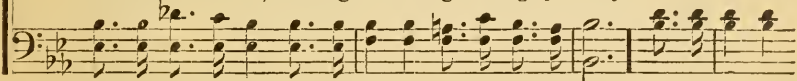
glad home-gath'ring by and by; When we walk the golden strand in that
glad home-gath'ring by and by; We shall meet to part no more on that
glad home-gath'ring by and by; He will wipe a - way our tears, he will
glad home-gath'ring by and by; Who - so - ev - er will may share in the
glad home-gath'ring by and by; By his grace and mer - cy free, with the



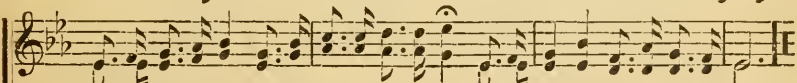
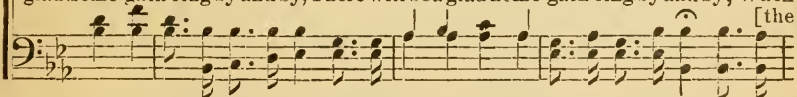
CHORUS.



bright and blessed land, At the glad home-gath'ring by and by. There will be a
fair and blissful shore, At the glad home-gath'ring by and by.
banish all our fears, At the glad home-gath'ring by and by.
joyful meeting there, At the glad home-gath'ring by and by.
ransomed I will be, At the glad home-gath'ring by and by.



glad home-gath'ring by and by, There will be a glad home-gath'ring by and by; When

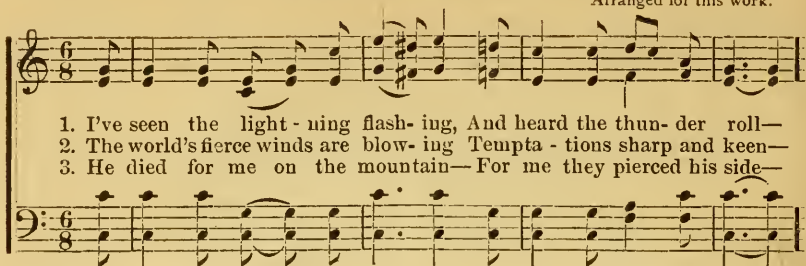


Lord shall bid us come to his bright, celestial home, To the glad home-gath'ring by
[and by.]

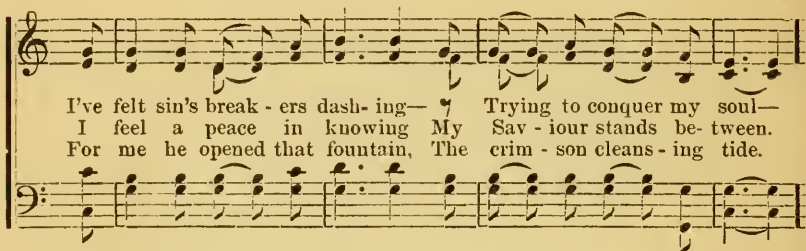


Never Alone.

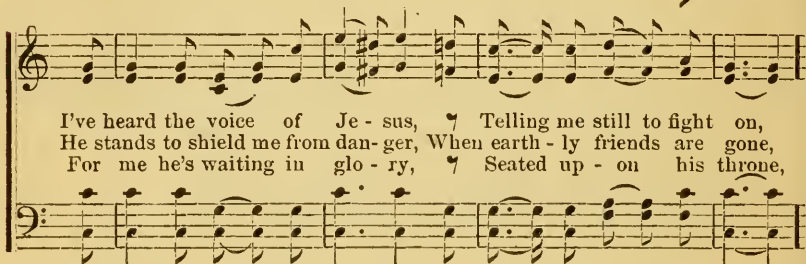
Arranged for this work.



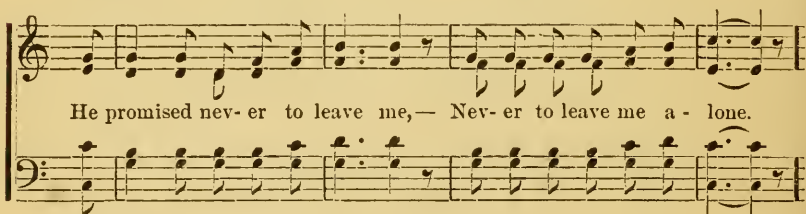
1. I've seen the light - ning flash - ing, And heard the thun - der roll—
 2. The world's fierce winds are blow - ing Tempta - tions sharp and keen—
 3. He died for me on the mountain—For me they pierced his side—



I've felt sin's break - ers dash - ing— Trying to conquer my soul—
 I feel a peace in knowing My Sav - iour stands be - tween—
 For me he opened that fountain, The crim - son cleans - ing tide.

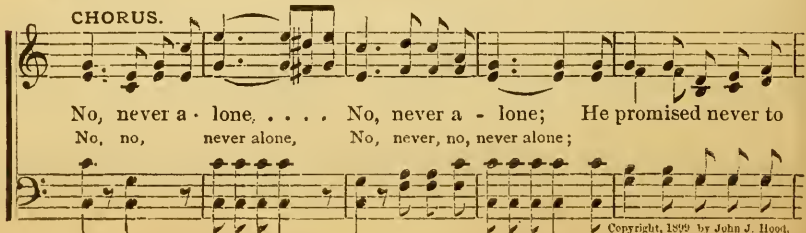


I've heard the voice of Je - sus, Telling me still to fight on,
 He stands to shield me from dan - ger, When earth - ly friends are gone,
 For me he's waiting in glo - ry, Seated up - on his throne,



He promised nev - er to leave me, — Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

CHORUS.



No, never a - lone, No, never a - lone; He promised never to
 No, no, never alone, No, never, no, never alone;

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